

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 986, Vol. 38.

September 19, 1874.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

DENMARK, PRUSSIA, AND SCHLESWIG.

THOUGH a long time has elapsed since Prince BISMARCK was understood to encourage the hopes of the inhabitants of Danish Schleswig, nothing has yet been done to satisfy their just reclamations. Mr. KRÜGER, who represents the province in the German Parliament, was complimented by the Chancellor on his patriotic efforts; but the same statesman as Foreign Minister of Prussia professes to find insuperable difficulty in the performance of the obligations incurred by the Treaty of Prague. By that instrument the Prussian Government, at the request of the French EMPEROR, undertook, in consideration of the absolute cession of the rights of Austria in the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, to restore the Danish portion of Schleswig to Denmark if the inhabitants of the district expressed by a popular vote their desire for reunion. The war of 1870 relieved Prussia from the necessity of considering the wishes of France; and Austria has, for reasons of policy, declined to insist on the performance of the Danish Article in the Treaty of 1866. It is scarcely dignified to contend that Denmark and the population of North Schleswig are not entitled to demand the fulfilment of a contract to which neither of them was technically a party. By an equitable construction either France or Austria must be supposed to have represented Denmark, and the interested party ought not to be deprived of a stipulated benefit through the neglect or disability of a trustee. The inhabitants of the district have protested by every means in their power against the injustice to which they are subjected. The administration of the German local functionaries is avowedly unpopular; and the Danish representatives of the province in the Prussian Parliament have been more than once re-elected, after forfeiting their seats by refusing to comply with the preliminary condition of an oath of allegiance to Prussia. Although the power of the Government renders resistance impossible, it seems that a policy which keeps many enmities alive is scarcely consistent with prudence. North Schleswig contains no fortresses which can, like Strasburg and Metz, be supposed to be required for the security of the German Empire; and the undisputed possession of Holstein includes the naval stations which were formerly coveted by Prussian and German patriots. A few malcontent subjects furnish no equivalent for the just hostility of a neighbour.

Prince BISMARCK humours, and perhaps shares, an intelligible national prejudice against the subjection of even a small minority of Germans to foreign dominion. Englishmen may be reasonably expected to sympathize with a feeling which in similar circumstances would certainly be their own. As a result of the wars of former generations the English Empire contains Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Dutchmen, and, in the anomalous little dependency of Heligoland, a few German subjects. The rebellion of the North American Colonies involved a compulsory breach of allegiance, and the persistent repugnance of the King and the vast majority of his subjects to national disruption was at least as natural as the liberality of the aristocratic Whigs. It was some consolation that the independent Americans were in a certain sense Englishmen, and that the loyal colonists were not compelled to submit to the supremacy of aliens in blood or language. No English village in any part of the world acknowledges a foreign sovereign. The German agitation on behalf of Schleswig and Holstein which resulted in the wars of 1848 and 1864 was never rightly appreciated in England, though it was one of the most genuine and unanimous of national

movements. The Danish Parliament and Ministers, succeeding to the authority of the absolute King, had in many ways violated the constitutional rights of the Duchies, and had wantonly annoyed the feelings of the German population. The grievances of which the Danes in North Schleswig now complain are precisely similar to the wrongs which were formerly inflicted on the Germans of both provinces. It is not surprising that the indignation which was provoked in all parts of Germany should have survived the cause by which it was justified. It is still thought intolerable that the Germans who are thinly scattered through the disputed region should be exposed to the encroachments of a foreign Government on their language and customs. Between the supposed alternatives of suffering and of committing injustice, the Germans naturally prefer the part of wrongdoers to that of victims. In the only negotiations on the subject which have been attempted since the conclusion of the Treaty of Prague, the Prussian Government proposed the inadmissible project of a protectorate to be exercised over the German population, if North Schleswig were restored to Denmark. It was evidently better for the Danes to acquiesce in prolonged separation than to assent to a division of sovereignty which would inevitably have led to fresh quarrels.

A sufficient answer to the plea of patriotic jealousy is supplied by the words of the Treaty of Prague. It was as notorious in 1866 as in 1874 that the two rival races were intermixed in varying proportions throughout the Duchy of Schleswig. In the South the Danish minority was compelled to give way; and the Prussian Government virtually acknowledged that the same principle ought to be applied to the Northern district. If the reunion were once completed, the unfriendly feelings which have long divided the Danes from the Germans might be expected to subside. Every argument which can be founded on the hardship of submission to foreign rule may be urged in support of the reasonable demands of Denmark. It is not to be supposed that either as a Prussian or as a German Minister Prince BISMARCK would condescend to shelter himself under a reference to the possible opposition which an act of justice might encounter in Parliament. If the Government were to recommend a tardy compliance with the provisions of the Treaty of Prague, it would encounter no serious resistance. The honour and greatness of the nation are entrusted with unlimited confidence to the care of the great statesman who has created the unity and European supremacy of Germany. It would be easy to satisfy public opinion that the state of things has entirely changed since the days when the question of Schleswig-Holstein was supposed to turn on a disputed succession. The vast power of Germany would not be perceptibly impaired by the cession of a petty province inhabited by a disaffected population. Imperial nations have always professed with the Romans to crush the proud and to spare the weak. It is true that practice has seldom coincided with principle, but it would not be difficult to show that in the case of Schleswig a generous policy would be most profitable. The apologists of the German Government allege with perfect truth that during the French war the feeling of Denmark was wholly on the side of France. The rapid successes of the Germans alone prevented the well-wisher of the French Government from becoming an ally. In the contingency of a more equal struggle it would not be unimportant to have secured the friendship or neutrality of Denmark. It is not worth while to provide even a petty State with a just cause of war.

It is now known that Austria would gladly have aided France in the struggle with Prussia, if the occasion of the

rapture had been more opportune. If the Government of Vienna had been less cautious, the failure of Prussia to perform the stipulations of the Treaty of Prague would have furnished a plausible pretext for a declaration of war. All danger of a European coalition against Germany has for the present passed away. The alliance of three powerful Empires, as long as it lasts, ensures the maintenance of peace; but the unforeseen changes which have repeatedly astonished the present generation may perhaps not yet have been exhausted. The Roman Catholic hierarchy has not abandoned the hope of overthrowing the new fabric of German unity; and in the uncertain future some faction dominant in France may perhaps seek popularity by attempting the recovery of the lost provinces. It would be prudent to detach Denmark beforehand from any hostile combination, especially as the whole of the North is well known to sympathize with the cause of Scandinavian nationality. In many cases it is more dangerous to let a disaffected province go than to retain it by force. England must at all hazards maintain the union with Ireland, and Germany will never allow the national territory to be cut in two by the abandonment of Polish Prussia. France might be pardoned for clinging after an occupation of two centuries to her German provinces, which had long been thoroughly loyal to their alien rulers. Prussia has only held Schleswig, including the disputed district, for eight years, and the Northern part of the province has neither military nor political importance. It fortunately happens that the Danes so far acquiesce in the results of the war of 1864 that they would reject any renewal of the connexion with Holstein or with the German part of Schleswig, if it were in some strange contingency offered for their acceptance. The restoration of their own proper territory would consequently not be made a pretext for further demands.

M. GUIZOT.

M. GUIZOT, like other celebrated men, had the good fortune to live in the time which was best adapted to his peculiar qualities and gifts. Having gained distinction at an early age, he took a conspicuous part in affairs during the only period of constitutional freedom which has till lately occurred in French history. For forty years he was known as a scholarlike politician, as a prominent statesman and Parliamentary leader, and finally as Prime Minister of France. Although for a subsequent quarter of a century he has been excluded from public life, longevity has, as usual, tended to keep his celebrity fresh. Men of a younger generation feel additional interest in past events when the principal actors have, like GUIZOT and THIERS, been familiar contemporaries of their own. Few politicians have been through a long life so consistent as M. GUIZOT, because his opinions were the natural product of character and of circumstances. He was equally irreconcilable with the Jacobins who had, when he was an infant, murdered his father, and with the Imperial dynasty of which the despotism had overshadowed his youth. Deficient in sympathy, in versatility, and in the impartiality which only co-exists with a humorous and imaginative temperament, he was a political Puritan of a respectable type, and a pedant in a good constitutional school. Incapable of comprehending his own liability to error, he proved on at least one unhappy occasion that he could be thoroughly unscrupulous through mere complacency of self-conceit; but, on the whole, he applied to the conduct of public affairs the most enlightened political theory which has at any time regulated the government of France. Witnesses of the barren and disheartening struggles of Imperialists and Republicans are scarcely aware of the apparent success which Parliamentary government had formerly attained in France. The literature of forty years ago expresses both in history and in fiction a profound faith in the permanence of the constitutional system which had been copied from England. M. GUIZOT was himself the first among a body of Parliamentary orators whose eloquence and influence on general opinion have never been surpassed. The constituency, though, as the result proved, too narrow to maintain itself, was a far more trustworthy and efficient guardian of freedom than the irresponsible multitude which utters the passions of the moment in the form of universal suffrage. The kind of corruption which consists in the distribution of offices through Parliamentary influence was in the later years of LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign carried to excess; but there was no

apparent reason why the system should not be improved by gradual reforms, as similar methods of government had during the present century been, without violent change, amended and purified in England.

M. GUIZOT appreciated better than any other French politician of his time the utility of hereditary succession for the purposes of constitutional government. He was afterwards reviled as "the Man of Ghent," because in 1815, having taken office under LOUIS XVIII., he followed the King in his temporary exile. As long as the Ministers acted in the spirit of the Charter he retained office under the monarchy; and at the last moment he endeavoured to save CHARLES X. from the consequences of his infatuated obstinacy. Having no sympathy with the Royalists who, like the Count of CHAMBORD, identify legitimacy with absolute government, M. GUIZOT was at the same time well aware that even the most necessary revolution involves an element of violence which is dangerous to liberty and to order. The singular analogy between the Revolutions of 1830 and 1688 probably increased his readiness to acquiesce in the establishment of the House of ORLEANS on the throne. In his first Cabinet office, as Minister of Public Instruction, M. GUIZOT did much for the improvement of education, and after the death of CASIMIR PÉRIER it soon became evident that he was the natural leader of the new Conservative party. For ten years he divided power, either as colleague or as rival, with Count MOLÉ, with the Duke of BROGLIE, and with M. THIERS, till the adventurous rashness of his most formidable competitor enabled him, first as Foreign Minister under the nominal premiership of SOULT, and then as President of the Council, to govern the country down to the disastrous close of the reign. It had been his function as Ambassador in London to communicate to the English Government the threats and warlike designs by which M. THIERS hoped to win popularity for himself and for the ORLEANS dynasty. The French Minister was prepared to go to war for the absurd and hopeless object of making MEHEMET ALI nominally independent in Syria and Egypt under the virtual protectorate of France. He might probably have succeeded if he had had to deal with some of the statesmen who in later years have directed the foreign policy of England; but neither the recklessness of M. THIERS nor the austerity of M. GUIZOT imposed for a moment on Lord PALMERSTON, who knew that he could count on the collective forces of Europe to suppress the restless ambition of France. Lord PALMERSTON's policy was summed up in a private letter to Sir H. BULWER, then Chargé d'Affaires at Paris. "You had better," said Lord PALMERSTON, "intimate to M. THIERS with all that 'courtesy of language of which you are a master, that if 'he proceeds with his armaments MEHEMET ALI will be 'chucked into the Nile, and the French Government may 'save itself all further trouble about its possessions in 'Algeria.' M. THIERS would still have precipitated a conflict; but neither the King nor his Ambassador had at any time intended to risk a war. In a few weeks M. GUIZOT replaced his principal at the Foreign Office, and from 1840 to 1848 M. THIERS led the Opposition. A small English force had sufficed to drive the Pacha of Egypt back to his own dominions, and to impose a treaty which perpetuated his allegiance to the Sultan.

Throughout the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and especially after the failure of the Syrian intrigue, all hostile parties combined in denouncing the King and his Ministry for their alleged subservience to England. CARREL and MARÉCHAL, LOUIS BLANC and LEDRU ROLLIN, in the name of the Republicans and, against their own will, in the interest of the BONAPARTES, demanded revenge for Waterloo, while THIERS and O'DILLON BARROT promoted the same policy in less extravagant language. M. LOUIS BLANC in one of his pamphlets profited by the courteous reception accorded to Marshal SOULT in England at the QUEEN's coronation to inform his countrymen that the English aristocracy, prescient of its impending ruin, had hastened in propitiatory humility to kiss the stirrup of the conqueror of Toulouse. Unfortunately M. GUIZOT, notwithstanding his attachment to peace and his characteristic contempt for his opponents, at last deferred to their pertinacious clamour with indelible disgrace to himself. His own Memoirs written many years afterwards contain, in the form of an apology, the most damaging confession of the degrading intrigue which ended in the scandalous Spanish marriages. The Minister, in the hope of a diplomatic triumph over England, made himself the accomplice of the KING, who desired to

provide richly for one of his sons, in the basest of modern transactions. LOUIS PHILIPPE had personally assured the QUEEN and Prince ALBERT that he would act in concert with England, and the breach of faith which was perpetrated under the direction of M. GUIZOT caused profound resentment; but the trick which was practised against England was trivial in comparison with the heartless perfidy which, by a not unforeseen result, has since involved the Queen of SPAIN in discredit and ruin. The "fears of the brave and follies of the wise" are less paradoxical than the wickedness of the good. Only a paragon of virtue could have committed the crime which is recorded with minute detail and unwavering self-satisfaction in M. GUIZOT's Memoirs. A great moralist of the present day has declared that the deepest hypocrisy is that which is unconscious; and M. GUIZOT might almost have suggested the cynical proposition that religion and morality destroy all sense of right and wrong. The retrospect of his own cunning and audacity revived in his old age the admiration for his own adroitness which is curiously interspersed with commentaries on the characters of his adversaries. He awards high praise to Sir ROBERT PEEL, who had warmly supported the French alliance; but he says that even PEEL had the weakness sometimes to suspect the sincerity of M. GUIZOT, whereas Lord ABERDEEN never wavered in his confidence. As might be expected, he felt a strong antipathy to Lord PALMERSTON, who was wholly exempt from Lord ABERDEEN's amiable credulity. The change of the English Ministry in the summer of 1846 enabled M. GUIZOT to complete his Spanish plot at the expense of a vigilant critic instead of a trusting friend.

The dangers which were accumulating round the throne of LOUIS PHILIPPE might possibly have been postponed or averted if the King and his Minister would have consented to a moderate measure of Parliamentary reform. The feeling of France was afterwards shown by the election which followed the Revolution of February to be essentially Conservative, although a factious knot of demagogues had in a moment of panic been suffered to establish temporary anarchy. The overthrow of constitutional monarchy was, as Mr. DISRAELI lately remarked in a letter to Count JARNAC, an irretrievable misfortune to France. It is reasonable to attribute to the unbending policy of M. GUIZOT a disaster which in fact followed his refusal of reform. At the last moment his courage contrasted favourably with the fatal weakness of the King, who rejected M. GUIZOT's proposal that Marshal BUGEAUD should be empowered to crush the rebellion by force. The unpopular Minister was lucky in effecting his escape to England, but his political career was inevitably closed. During the existence of the short-lived Republic he could not have safely returned to France; and there was no room under the Empire for his eloquence or for his constitutional principles. In his later years he clung more and more firmly to the principle of authority. When he was in office he had, in conformity with the traditional and petty policy of France, discountenanced Italian independence; and at the last, although he was a rigid Protestant, he was an advocate both of the temporal and the spiritual authority of the POPE. There was a kind of dignity in his imperturbable adherence to his convictions through right and wrong; and in the greater part of his long career he preferred good to evil.

STROUD POLITICS.

READERS of the *Times* have lately had the benefit of seeing the Conservative party in Stroud painted first by themselves and then by their adversaries. In the former picture they appear as the spectators and occasionally the victims of Liberal corruption. There was a time—no further back than the January of the present year—in which bribery was still unknown in the borough. In the election held in that month Mr. DORRINGTON was returned after a contest honestly and purely fought on both sides. If the Liberal party had accepted the result as decisive all would have gone well. The Conservatives never wished to have more than one of the two seats; indeed Mr. HOLLOWAY, who has twice fought a losing battle on their behalf, declares that on each occasion victory would have troubled him more than defeat has done. But the Liberals would not be content with this reasonable and equal arrangement. At the general election in February they set themselves to bribe the constituency with all their strength. They invited five or six hundred of the working

classes to breakfast, and marched them straight from the table to the poll. The Liberal millowners closed their factories on the polling-day, and paid full wages to two or three thousand workpeople. Distant voters were brought up to vote at any cost. Workmen in the mills were called into their employers' counting-houses and urged to vote for the Liberal candidate, and those who could not thus be brought to the poll were personated by more compliant neighbours. These despicable tactics found their immediate reward in both the Liberal candidates being returned, and their ultimate reward in their both being unseated on petition. At the May election the Liberals cut down their estimates, and bribed on a reduced scale. They gave no breakfasts, but they again closed their mills on the polling-day, and paid full wages for no work. The effect of this economical policy was seen in the return of one Liberal and one Conservative candidate. By an unfortunate accident—that of having agreed to pay some outvoters for coming to vote at the previous election—Mr. DORRINGTON was unseated; and at the election held in consequence in July the corrupting influence of the Liberal tactics in February and May was proved beyond all doubt by the return of Mr. BRAND. Mr. BRAND's seat is now challenged, and if he loses it, there is every reason to suppose that the changes between elections and petitions will go on being rung until financial exhaustion compels one or other party to leave some new member alone.

This is Mr. HOLLOWAY's way of accounting for the condition in which Stroud now finds itself. Mr. MARLING gives a very different version of the facts. From 1832, the year of its birth, down to 1868, the constituency of Stroud bore an unblemished reputation. It was Liberal, it was consistent, it was pure. Even the *Times* called it a model borough. It was after the general election of 1868 that the change for the worse began. The Conservatives were not content with enfranchising the working-man, they must needs demoralize him as well. They started a Conservative working-men's association with an annual subscription of 1s. and an annual dinner worth 5s. They set up branch associations at every public-house. They gave Conservative fêtes, the sole object of which was to train up the newly-enfranchised voter in the way he should vote. For six years they devoted themselves to these tactics, and by means of them they won the seat for Mr. DORRINGTON in January. At the general election Mr. MARLING admits that the Liberal party were a little to blame. There was no organized treating, but in a few outlying districts some indiscreet partisans thought that they might follow the Conservatives at a distance, and provide coffee in a school-room by way of a counter attraction to beer in a public-house. With this exception the Liberals kept their hands clean. The payment of wages on the polling-day had nothing to do with the way in which the workmen voted; indeed, not one-fifth of those paid were electors. And even if it was objectionable, it was an expedient borrowed from the Conservatives, who introduced it in the first instance at the January election.

We shall not undertake to strike the balance between the Conservatives and the Liberals of Stroud. Mr. HOLLOWAY cannot be complimented on the candour of his narrative, since he makes no mention of the wages paid by the Conservatives on the polling-day, or of the treating which seems to have gone on on that side, or of the circumstance that Mr. DORRINGTON was unseated, not for paying outvoters' travelling expenses, but for paying sums "utterly beyond the amount of travelling expenses." It is quite possible, however, that the Liberal advocate has been equally reticent upon the weak points of the Liberal case, and that as regards readiness to bribe, whenever bribery promises to be effectual, the Conservatives are as six and the Liberals as half-a-dozen. There is a third correspondent of the *Times* with whom we find ourselves more in accord than with either Mr. HOLLOWAY or Mr. MARLING. This is Mr. C. E. LEWIS, who after the first election had been set aside wished that the issue of the new writ should be postponed until the evidence had been printed and the House had had time to consider it. Each side, says Mr. LEWIS, thought itself safe to win, and consequently each side was anxious that the election should come off as soon as possible. "The result has been seen in two more elections and two more petitions, the expenditure of a vast amount of money, and the increase of bitterness and ill-feeling in the constituency." Mr. LEWIS suggests that in all cases where a member is unseated for bribery the issue of the writ should be suspended for a definite

period. This treatment might in many cases operate unjustly, since a member may be unseated for merely offering a bribe, an act which does not necessarily imply any fault whatever in the voters to whom it is offered. Indeed in this way a constituency might even suffer from its own excess of virtue, since to reject the bribe and denounce the man who offered it would bring down a penalty which might have been avoided by pocketing the bribe and saying nothing about it. We should be quite willing, however, to see Mr. LEWIS's remedy applied to every constituency as to which the Election Judge reports that corrupt practices have extensively prevailed. In this case there can be no question that the constituency is to blame, and to suspend the issue of the writ is plainly the only means of punishing it for the past and probably the only effective means of reforming it in the future. Where corrupt practices extensively prevail it usually signifies that both parties have lost their heads, since if one is known to be pure the other is commonly afraid of losing the seat on petition, and so abstains from bribery on that ground if on no better. If it were understood that indulgence in corrupt practices led, not only to the unseating or disqualification of this or that particular member, but to the temporary disfranchisement of the constituency, leaders on both sides would feel that their efforts would only exclude them from similar contests for some time to come. Thus moderation in bribery would by degrees be regarded as a necessary element of electioneering discretion. Even if party zeal ran too high to allow this principle to be kept in mind, the interval which would follow without an election would give the constituency time to cool down, and an opportunity for laying to heart the salutary lesson that even corrupt voters can overreach themselves, and in their desire to reap money as well as excitement may succeed in losing excitement and money both.

It would be inhuman in commenting on Stroud politics not to give a word of sympathy to Mr. LIBBY. He was described in Mr. HOLLOWAY's letter as "a strong partisan 'Liberal,' and accused of preaching peace for no better reason than because he is naturally satisfied with the present state of the representation. Mr. LIBBY writes a second letter to the *Times* to disclaim the epithet "partisan," and the account he gives of his political history shows that he has fair ground for his remonstrance. This partisan Liberal, it appears, voted for the Conservative candidate in 1868 "as a protest against the disestablishment of the Irish Church," and considering the critical character of that contest, Mr. LIBBY might fairly have expected to be classed with the Conservatives for the rest of his life. In the January of this year he abstained from voting because Sir HENRY HAVELOCK was too advanced for him, and he refused to have anything to do with the petition against Mr. DORRINGTON. Such conduct as this ought to have won forgiveness for Mr. LIBBY for his momentary relapse into Liberalism at the general election, but Mr. HOLLOWAY's wrath is blind, and he sees in every opponent a strong partisan. For Mr. LIBBY's sake, if on no other ground, it is to be wished that Stroud should suffer the penalty of temporary disfranchisement. If Mr. LEWIS's suggestion should be followed out, there is little doubt that the constituency will qualify themselves for a place among the first to whom it is applied.

THE GENEVA CONGRESSES.

THE Institute of International Law which has lately held its first session at Geneva is favourably distinguished from some of the many bodies which hold Congresses in England or on the Continent. Its members are for the present few in number; the subjects with which they deal are comparatively special and definite; and those who took part in the discussion were professionally competent. Until three or four annual meetings have been held it will be difficult to judge of the probable utility of the Institute. Committees have been instructed to consider various topics during the current year, and conclusions in which two or three eminent lawyers may have agreed will deserve consideration. It seems probable that the most practical result of the labours of the Institute may be the suggestion of some means of diminishing the collisions of different municipal laws. Frequent inconvenience arises from conflicting rules affecting such matters as the definition of domicile. Perhaps the substitution of an arbitrary rule for the law as at present administered by English Courts

might tend in some instances to remove ambiguity, and consequently to prevent litigation. The author of an able paper on the subject proposed that, instead of instituting minute inquiries into the acts and intentions of a testator of doubtful domicile, it should be assumed that he retains all the rights and liabilities which belong to his political allegiance. Thus an English resident in the United States would retain his character as an English subject until he went through the form of nationalization by which he would acquire American citizenship. When the devolution of property depends on domicile, and in some other cases, it would be desirable that all countries should acknowledge the same rule. The examination of such questions by jurists of different nations who may be willing to devote their time to the improvement of the law is laudable and altogether harmless. The further step of embodying their recommendations in legislative measures would perhaps sometimes be taken. If it is in any case thought expedient to assimilate English law to the rules which prevail on the Continent, the opinion of a Congress assembled at Geneva and elsewhere would perhaps influence in some degree the decision of Parliament.

Congresses in general illustrate the curious propensity of certain minds to continue in intervals of recreation the occupations of ordinary life. Oral intercourse with strangers of similar pursuits adds social attraction to speculative interest. The Institute of International Law is a select body, limited to the number of fifty members; and, even if it had been more accessible to amateurs, it would not have satisfied the first condition of popularity by facilitating the production and discussion of miscellaneous theories and crotchets. To the votaries of Social Science professional accuracy is as distasteful as the severity of scientific investigation. It was therefore by an intelligible though odd coincidence that, as soon as the Institute had concluded its discussions, a rival Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law should proceed to dilute with philanthropy and the theory of things in general the same controversies which had engaged the attention of the Institute. It is true that more than one able lawyer confined his attention to the professed objects of the Association; but room was also found for a declamation on the "Triumph of Law over 'Brute Force'"; and a Spanish gentleman contributed some of the most whimsical proposals which have at any time amused a Congress. The confusion of thought which characterizes the promoters of Social Science was curiously illustrated by unconscious digressions into matters wholly unconnected either with international or with municipal law. The President of an American Metrological Society was allowed to send a letter about the adoption of the standard unit of weight and value which has long engaged the attention of social projectors; and in commenting on the paper the Chairman of a certain Committee of Foreign Bondholders took occasion to inculcate at great length the expediency of keeping faith with creditors. There is no doubt that the frauds committed by Spain and many South American Republics and by several States of the North American Union are morally objectionable, but it is not evident how their delinquencies properly come under the cognizance of an Association for the Reform and Codification of International Law. The most elaborate reforms embodied in the most systematic of codes would have no tendency to make Florida or South Carolina honest. The creditors of Spain would be only too happy to receive payment in any coinage. The establishment of units of weight or value has nothing to do with jurisprudence; and nonsense enough was uttered on the subject in the Social Science Section of the British Association to serve for a single year.

The Institute performed a service to the principles of International Law by unanimously condemning a doctrine affirmed by the American and foreign Arbitrators at Geneva. The duty of neutrals was declared to consist in the exercise of good faith and due care, and not, according to the preposterous doctrine of Count SCLOPIS and his colleagues, to depend on the degree of injury which a violation of neutrality might inflict on either belligerent. The Association, having appointed Count SCLOPIS as President, could scarcely be expected to be equally critical of the law as interpreted at Geneva. It was much easier to listen to Mr. RICHARD's Essay on the gradual triumph of law over brute force, and to learn from Señor MARCOARTU that arbitration may be described as humanitarian, as scientific, and by many other unmeaning and eulogistic adjectives. It is not stated

whether the Association adopted the suggestion that it is the imprescriptible right of the citizens of every nation to determine questions of peace and war by a plebiscite, and that those should not be subject to military service who have voted in favour of peace. When Señor MARCOARTU returns to his native country, he will do well to recommend a plebiscite to Marshal SERRANO and Don CARLOS, on the understanding that no Spaniard who votes in favour of peace shall be subject to conscription, or, by parity of reason, to taxation. Babble of this order would not be tolerated in private conversation by educated men, though it might pass among the younger members of a debating society at a public school. It is strange that it should have been addressed to an audience which included several regular lawyers. A letter from Professor WOOLSEY on the Three Rules of Washington included some proposals which in the opinion of the author would not be accepted by Germany, and some which would be rejected by England and the United States. An international code of which some parts were only partially binding would not, except in a socially scientific view, be preferable to the law at present administered by Courts of Admiralty on approximately uniform principles.

While the vague phrases of orators at the Association tended to increase the suspicion with which projects of arbitration are at present regarded, the graver discussions and resolutions of the Institute did something to secure the system from the discredit into which it has fallen since the Geneva miscarriage. Arbitration has for centuries been a familiar alternative for war, and England and the United States have more than once referred questions in dispute to foreign Governments. The possible dangers of such a mode of settling differences were not fully appreciated until the sharp practice of the agents of the United States provoked universal indignation in England. It had not been anticipated that under a treaty providing for arbitration any Government which respected itself would prefer claims which, as it well knew, could never have been intentionally referred by the other party to any tribunal. The indirect claims for damages which might have exceeded the payment exacted by Germany from France were preferred in conscious violation of the spirit of the treaty; and they were urged with a hostile virulence which might in other times have gone far to produce a war. It is true that the monstrous demands of the United States were not entertained even by partial arbitrators; but the possibility that extravagant pretensions may be advanced constitutes in itself a strong objection to Arbitrations. It is perhaps scarcely probable that any powerful State will repeat the tame submission of Washington, but an overbearing litigant may at any time prefer claims which will amount to insults. If the Government of the United States had emulated the courtesy and moderation of England, and if the Arbitrators had been less indifferent to considerations of law and equity, the proceedings at Geneva would perhaps have established a precedent instead of supplying a warning. Future courts of arbitration will, if they adopt the suggestions of Señor MARCOARTU, withhold belligerent rights from Powers which have engaged in war without previously consulting the opinion of their respective subjects in the form of a plebiscite.

THE SEPTENNATE AND THE EMPIRE.

THE Republican party in France has been cheered by an unlooked-for success. They reckoned, it is said, upon 30,000 votes in the Marne and Loire election, and they have obtained 45,000. The result is all the more pleasing because it is a gain not only as regards their expectations, but as regards their position in the elections of 1871. Only 20,000 votes were then given to the Republican candidate, who stood highest on the list in an election which was the least subject to official influences of any that France has known. In 1874, with official influence freely exerted against the Republicans, their candidate receives more than twice 20,000 votes. The interest of the contest is all the greater because it will have to be fought over again. M. MAILLÉ has not polled a majority of the electors actually voting, and a majority over any other candidate is not sufficient without a second ballot. M. BRUAS and M. BERGER, the Septennalist and the Imperialist candidates, polled between them 52,000 votes, so that, even if their partisans were to unite, M. MAILLÉ's defeat might still be ensured. If these two names represented only different shades of Conservatism, there would be no difficulty in ascertaining

which of them had the superior claim to stand again as the candidate of the united party. M. BRUAS had the advantage on Sunday, though by less than a thousand votes; and, supposing M. BERGER not to have more influence than M. BRUAS with the electors who have abstained from voting, it is M. BRUAS who would naturally hold his ground. But the opinions of these gentlemen can hardly be described as merely varying shades of Conservatism. The Septennalists admit that the Imperialists ought to regard the distinction in this light, and the Imperialists admit that the Septennalists ought to do the same. But neither of them are willing to make a similar admission for themselves. The Septennalists know what a handle the withdrawal of their candidate would give to their enemies, and the rebuke administered the other day to the *Journal des Débats* shows how keenly they feel the accusation of having helped to bring about the present reaction in favour of the Empire. The Imperialists are irritated at the MINISTER of the INTERIOR's repudiation of M. BERGER's Circular at the meeting of the Permanent Committee last week, and the more hotheaded members of the party are naturally indisposed to favour a Government which has said that it would bring their candidate to trial if it could. It is a conspicuous merit, however, in the Bonapartists that they rarely allow their feelings to get the better of their judgment, and M. BERGER will probably have no difficulty in persuading himself to retire.

Whatever particular Ministers may say, it is to the interest of the Imperialists to support the Septennalist candidate wherever they cannot carry a candidate of their own. It is to the Septennate, or to the folly of the party whose latest work is the Septennate, that Bonapartism owes the position which it now enjoys. The supporters of the Government tell a different story. As contemporary history fails to bear out the view which they wish to see adopted, they have recourse to past history, and upon that they find it easy to build a theory that whenever Bonapartism is popular it must be as a reaction against Republican excesses. The objection to this explanation as applied to the present popularity of Bonapartism is the difficulty of identifying the Republican excesses. Where and when have they been indulged in? In 1871 a Republican Government put down the Commune and showed that it could be as cruel in the cause of order as the Empire itself. From 1871 to 1873 Republicanism meant M. THIERS, and M. THIERS's Radicalism can hardly be called violent or dangerous. Since the Republicans have been in Opposition they have for the most part held their tongues, or left the speaking to those not untameable Revolutionists, the deputies of the Left Centre. The completeness with which the more advanced sections of the party have effaced themselves is really remarkable, and to ignore this, as the Septennalists do, shows a want of appreciation of events hardly to be expected from a party which has a man of letters and a diplomatist for its chief. What would the Duke of BROGLIE think of such disregard of facts if it were displayed by an historian of the fourth century, or by an ambassador of the nineteenth? The cause of the Imperialist reaction is obvious enough. Nations do not like, any more than individuals, to live in a state of conscious uncertainty as to what is going to befall them. They will concede in words that there is no knowing what a day may bring forth, but they like all the same to act as though they knew. Under the Septennate Frenchmen are made to feel themselves strangers and pilgrims, and they have not yet attained the point of Christian progress which makes this state of things seem natural to them. The Imperialists adapt themselves to this human weakness on the part of the French people. They promise them a permanent Government whenever they like to have it. No doubt the Republicans hold out the same prospect, but it is by no means so certain that the Republicans can make good their words. There is Marshal MACMAHON to be reckoned with. Now Marshal MACMAHON is supposed to dislike the Republicans because they do not answer to his idea of Conservatism, but if the Imperialists had a majority in the next Assembly, there is no reason to think that he would feel himself bound to resist them. Is he a Conservative? So are they. Is he pledged to give effect to the wishes of the party of order? So are they. A party which can gain possession of the Government with Marshal MACMAHON's consent will secure the support of the army; a party which, if it gains possession of the Government at all, must do so with Marshal MACMAHON standing aloof, and perhaps openly expressing dislike, cannot reckon on the

support of the army; and in the present condition of France a change of Government which finds the army hostile or divided may be merely the first step towards civil war. This is the kind of reasoning which the Imperialist agents probably employ when they are met by the objection that they promise nothing which the Republicans do not promise equally. It must be confessed that there is a plausibility about it which is very well calculated to convince men in whom political terrors are stronger than political convictions.

It is perfectly true therefore that the action of the Septennalist party has been the cause of the Bonapartist revival. Before the Duke of BROGLIE had hit upon the device of postponing a constitutional settlement for seven years, the nation had given what seemed to be strong evidence of its readiness to accept the Conservative Republic. The Orleanists had no other permanent Government to offer in place of the Republic, since even if they could have placed the Count of PARIS on the throne, they had shut themselves out from making the attempt by the fusion of last year. All that they could do was to offer a Provisional Government in place of the Republic, and this the nation has rejected so far as it has the power to reject it. But the partisans of the Septennate command the Executive, and for this reason this national rejection can only be negative. Frenchmen will not be content without a permanent Government of some kind, and they are beginning to reconsider their repudiation of the Empire, because that is the permanent Government which in the opinion of many of them will be most easily and peaceably established. It follows from this view of the situation that a Republican victory in Marne and Loire will leave matters pretty much where it finds them. So far as the present Assembly is concerned, nothing can be done towards providing France with a permanent Government unless the eyes of the Orleanists can first be opened to the danger to which they are exposing the country. Their organs declare themselves pleased at M. BERGER's defeat, and at the evidence afforded by it that the Imperialist reaction has reached its highest point, and may now be expected to decline. They refuse to see that, whether M. BRUAS retires in favour of M. BERGER, or M. BERGER in favour of M. BRUAS, the cause of the Empire will be equally served. The Imperialists are wiser in their generation, and though from time to time they may offer a nominal resistance to the Government, they will for the most part be found supporting the Septennate as the best possible means of bringing Frenchmen to welcome the Empire. We are loth to say that there is no hope of making the Orleanists as clear-sighted as the Bonapartists; but it is at best a hope that grows fainter day by day. The only effect which the result of Sunday's election seems to have had on them is to excite emotions of thankfulness that the Septennalists and Bonapartists taken together have outnumbered the Republicans. They are probably destined to furnish a new illustration of the old fable of the horse and the man.

M. BAZAINE is hardly a person of sufficient weight to have much to do in the way of making or marring causes. If he had any power of the kind the Imperialists would be well advised in breaking off all connexion with him. His letter to the *New York Herald* proves that he has never properly taken in the gist of the charge against him. That charge is that, having the honour and perhaps the salvation of France in his hands at Metz, he let both go without an effort, rather than give incidental help to a political party which he disliked. While Legitimists and Orleanists were freely shedding their blood in defence, and at the bidding, of a Republican Government, he, as Marshal of France, was keeping his army shut up within stone walls without making a single serious effort to break through the besieging force. There is no denial of this in his letter. There is merely a sort of exculpatory plea that, if he did put political before military considerations, it was only because he did not wish to serve under those rascally Republicans. If M. BAZAINE's love for NAPOLEON III. was such that he could not endure to see France saved by other hands, he might have made over to a subordinate the responsibility of trying to get the army out of Metz. If his devotion went the length of determining that, provided he could help it, France should not be saved by other hands, this is precisely the offence for which he was condemned. It will be well for M. BAZAINE if among the favours which he anticipates that Fortune may yet have in store for him is included the gift of saying nothing when he has nothing useful to say.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

ENTHUSIASTIC students of litigious statistics ought to derive complete satisfaction from the first Report of the Railway Commission. No other tribunal could furnish in a few modest pages a detailed account of every case which it has entertained in the course of a year. The Commissioners are so conscientious that they include in their Report more than one complaint which was ultimately settled by compromise or by the neglect of the plaintiff to continue the proceedings. The narrative of the first application which they received concludes with the statement that "ultimately the Corporation withdrew from the application, and the case therefore had to be dismissed." It is not at first sight clear how any useful purpose can be served by the official record of a claim so unreasonable that it was not prosecuted, although the Commissioners had overruled a preliminary objection to their jurisdiction. But for the tardy resipiscence of the Corporation of Dover, the extent of the legislative rather than judicial power conferred on the Commission might have been at the outset tested in an extreme case. The people of Dover were dissatisfied, not with the want of accommodation afforded by the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways to themselves, but with the alleged liberality of the Companies to the rival watering-places of Margate and Ramsgate. A judgment which might have limited the speed and number of the Ramsgate trains would have been as satisfactory as a direction that unremunerative trains should be provided for the benefit of Dover. The jurisdiction of the Commission depends not on justice or expediency, but on the words of the Act which constitutes the tribunal. The Commissioners are all distinguished by ability and experience, and one of their number is an eminent lawyer. It must be assumed that their interlocutory decision was correct, but the consequences which might have followed would have been in the highest degree absurd. Except that the mind of a Legislature must be interpreted by its enactments, it might have seemed impossible that Parliament should have authorized any judicial body to determine that one place on the sea-coast shall not be more readily accessible than another. It may perhaps be found that even the Dover Corporation had not overrated the anomalies which may be involved in the hasty legislation of 1873. The expediency of referring all litigation to Courts established for the general administration of justice, and not for a special class of issues, has already been proved by the experience of the Railway Commission during a single year.

In the course of a year ten cases of all kinds have been brought before the Railway Commission, of which five have been compromised or withdrawn, while the remaining five have proceeded to adjudication. One of the settled cases was a suit under the 9th section of the Act of 1873 for compensation on account of an injury inflicted on a passenger by a workmen's train, the maximum damages being fixed by law at 100*l*. Before the hearing, as the Commissioners gravely report to HER MAJESTY, the Company satisfied the plaintiff by paying him 85*l*. The same result would have been at least as cheaply attained if a writ had been issued by the County Court. The expense of the Commission to the country is about 10,000*l*. a year; and consequently it appears that the settlement of ten cases, chiefly of a trivial character, has cost about 1,000*l*. for every suit which has been commenced, or 2,000*l*. for every contentious case decided. The costs of the litigants may in every instance be assumed to have been the same which would have been incurred before the ordinary Courts. The taxpayer has the satisfaction of being mulcted to the amount of 10,000*l*. a year, solely because the Joint Committee of 1872, having rejected the crotchety proposals of many volunteer advisers, thought itself bound to draw some practical conclusion from its miscellaneous inquiries. The Government of 1873 willingly devolved on the Committee of the previous year the responsibility of legislation, instead of listening to the many warnings that the Commission would either be useless or be an instrument of injustice. The negative result of its light labours during the first year would be reassuring but for the strong probability that, after creating a tribunal to determine imaginary issues, careless legislators will devise some mischievous employment to occupy idle hands. Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE deserved credit for his selection of Commissioners. Sir F. PEELE is industrious, clear-headed, and familiar with public busi-

ness. Mr. PRICE possesses long experience of railway policy and management; and Mr. MACNAMARA enjoys a just reputation for ability and learning. There can be little doubt that all the Commissioners have regretted to find that their office is almost a sinecure. Their unconcealed disappointment at the withdrawal of the monstrous attack made by Dover on the other South-Eastern watering-places does credit to their public spirit, if it fails to increase confidence in the soundness of their judgment.

The Joint Committee of 1872 only recommended the substitution of a special tribunal for the Court of Common Pleas to enforce the provisions of the Act of 1853. The scanty amount of litigation which had taken place under the former Act was hastily attributed to the unfitness of the Court, although it might have been not less naturally caused by the rarity of disputes. The Court of Common Pleas would certainly have been not less competent than the Railway Commission to decide in the case of LEES and Others v. the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, whether the Company was justified in providing for the gas-works of the Manchester Corporation certain accommodation which was withheld from private dealers in coal. When the Bill of 1873 was in Committee, the Government introduced, under colour of a change in judicial machinery, a provision which, though it has happily proved nugatory in practice, was inconsistent with every principle of justice. The Commissioners were authorized on the application of any Company to compel any neighbouring Company to make a through rate on terms to be specified in the judgment. In other words, a Parliamentary rate of 3d. a ton on any description of goods might, at the discretion of the Commissioners, be reduced to 2d. or 1d. The summary repeal of the tariff sections of hundreds of Acts of Parliament was imprudently allowed to pass without opposition or protest. Directors and managers probably foresaw the failure of an amateur experiment in legislation, and they failed to apprehend the importance of a precedent which their enemies are already preparing to apply for purposes of spoliation. The Commissioners, in their laudable anxiety to justify their own existence by inventing something for themselves to do, significantly observe in their Report that the public are still without power to compel Companies to convey traffic at arbitrary rates. An attempt was made in the last Session to supply the alleged defect, and it is well understood that the agitation will be renewed next year by the imitators of the Wisconsin Grangers.

Two applications for through rates, or rather for special routes, have been made to the Commissioners. A trifling difference between the London and North-Western Company and a small neighbouring line was settled by agreement, after a summons had been issued. A dispute between the Great Western Company and the East and West Junction Company as to the place at which certain traffic was to be exchanged was decided against the complainant by the Commissioners. The Companies, in fact, are secured against vexatious litigation as to rates and water by their power of retaliation. No great Company will countenance the reference of the rates which constitute the income of its shareholders to the discretion of any tribunal. A land Commission with power to adjust rents would be as welcome to landlords as the analogous tribunal to railway proprietors. An entirely new element would be introduced into the controversy if freighters were entitled to apply for a readjustment in their own interest of the contracts which Companies have by the authority of Parliament made with the community. An English manufacturer is capable of being as unscrupulous as a Wisconsin farmer; and indeed the blame of the injustice which might ensue would attach rather to Parliament than to those who might profit by perverse legislation. It is probable that, even if a policy of confiscation were sanctioned by law, the greater Companies would still have certain means of defence against oppression; for although a Company may, in defiance of principle and of good faith, be deprived of its Parliamentary tolls, it can scarcely be compelled to provide traffic for conveyance at an unremunerative rate. Traders would probably find that they had not consulted their own interests in plundering the Railway Companies. Even in America the Grangers have already begun to discover that it is difficult to compel capitalists either to construct railways without a reasonable prospect of profit, or to run trains at a loss for the benefit of strangers. The Commissioners, if they were charged with the adjustment of rates, would to the best of their power consult both the

public interest and the justice which in their estimation might be due to Railway Companies; but the determination of the profits of proprietors properly belongs to the Legislature when it makes a bargain with undertakers, and not to any judicial tribunal. No Court has any means of knowing whether the rates ought to be calculated to produce five or six or ten per cent. to the proprietors. As long as the Companies give no unjust preference, and abide by the Parliamentary conditions of their enterprise, they have a right to fix their rates so as to produce the largest profit, although freighters may naturally desire to share the property which belongs to the shareholders. If landowners and capitalists are foolish enough to tamper with railway property, they will have no right to complain of future interference with their own property. It is better to pay 10,000l. a year to King LOG than to render the same tribute to King STORK, and to suffer his depredations in addition to the cost of his Civil List.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH POLITICS.

IT is perhaps surprising that two nations so closely connected in many ways and so much interested in each other's affairs as England and France should still have so much difficulty in understanding the peculiarities of each other's political temperament and condition. Anybody who was dependent for his knowledge of France on the ordinary telegrams and letters in the London newspapers would of course imagine that the French people are just now so intensely and exclusively engrossed in questions as to the form of government that they have no interest in anything else in the world, and spend the whole of their time from morning to night, if not also all night through, in interminable speculations as to the precise balance of Right Centre and Left Centre, the chances of another Empire, or the possibility, if such a thing is possible, of a Conservative Republic. In point of fact, comparatively few Frenchmen trouble their heads with such questions at all. The great body of the nation is engaged in what is to it a much more important business, and that is simply going on living, and carrying on its everyday affairs with cheerful industry. It may seem a dreadful thing to a logical mind that anybody should consent to exist under a Septennate which is already, as a provincial mayor has discovered, a sextennate, and on its way to become successively a quinquennate, a triennate, and so on, till it expires; but, with a rich harvest to gather and plenty of grapes for the wine-press, there are other matters which demand more immediate attention. The political vicissitudes of France would be intolerable were it not that they are tempered by a remarkable degree of material prosperity, and by the placid contentment of the bulk of the people under almost any Government which does not pinch them too sharply. This side of the subject, however, is too often ignored by English critics. On the other hand, Frenchmen are also prone to concentrate their observation on isolated or accidental incidents of English life, and usually indulge their fancy pretty freely. The writer in the *Figaro* who has been describing what the people of London have to endure from the Underground Railway, which, as he supposes, sends up its steam and smoke not only through the streets, but through the floors of the houses, gets perhaps about as near the truth as most of his countrymen when they attempt to paint our political condition. It is therefore a satisfaction to meet with what is, on the whole, so sober and well-informed an article as that on "New Currents of English Life," by M. MILSAND, in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, although even here we have an example of the way in which the temporary ebullitions of a part of the people are mistaken for the permanent drift of the whole. It is always worth while to see ourselves as others see us, even though the view thus presented may not be altogether true to nature; and in this instance it is certainly from no want of respect for England that M. MILSAND has felt bound to point out some of our weaknesses. Indeed, it is because, as he says, he has always been in the habit of looking up to her as a model State that he is now so deeply alarmed and distressed by what he sees, or fancies he sees. We may leave on one side M. MILSAND's speculations on English theology, and confine ourselves to his political criticisms.

M. MILSAND begins by describing England as she used to be when she was the admiration of thoughtful Liberals in every country. In those days her politics were

governed by a sense of what was possible and necessary, and she used to laugh at those infantile nations which took a romantic view of government, and thought it necessary to begin by imagining a grand ideal of what was best, and refused to be content with anything short of it. Now, however, England has no longer a right to fling stones at others. This great nation, the founder of Liberal civilization, which by its laws and methods had succeeded in establishing the reign of ordered liberty, has ceased, as such, to exist. New forces are at work which have completely revolutionized "both the constitution of the country and its inmost soul." England, in short, has given up her old quiet, practical, common-sense way of doing things, and has taken to sentiment. Her domestic legislation and foreign policy have become an abject sacrifice to the ideal, and, instead of calculating consequences, she surrenders herself blindly to theory. The Reform Act, the Ballot, and the Irish measures of the late Government are cited as proofs of this impulsive sentimentalism; and M. MILSAND fears that we are still under the coercion of abstract logic, and are about to finish our work by giving the franchise to agricultural labourers and women. There was, M. MILSAND holds, no necessity for doing any of these things except the compulsion of logic. Nobody could tell whether they would work well or ill, but there were certain theories to be satisfied, and before that everything else went down. M. MILSAND of course means the warning for his own countrymen perhaps even more than for ourselves when he says that England has taken to copying a French habit, with this aggravating circumstance, that, in order to realize a desire of the imagination, she has made a clean sweep of things which had previously been working as well as possible. One of the consequences of this revolution, he adds, is apparently the growth of a new system of political philosophy, which consists in believing that it is the duty of a statesman not to have any ideas of his own, or to attempt to guide himself according to his own conceptions of the conditions of life and progress, but to be content with simply ascertaining the wishes of the people, and contriving the means of realizing them, whatever they may be. What was formerly the governing class has abdicated its powers and repudiated its responsibilities, and the old organization of society has consequently been thrown off its balance. M. MILSAND hopes for the best, but he cannot help thinking that "the black spot on the setting sun of English Liberalism is a warning of storms to come."

It is impossible to deny that there is a painful degree of truth in some of this criticism. There can be no doubt that the wild rush of heroic legislation into which Mr. GLADSTONE sought to plunge the country, and to some extent succeeded, was something very different from the cautious, tentative, and rigidly practical methods which had previously been supposed to be most congenial to the English nature and the best security for permanent progress. In private life people know well enough that it is better to do things after cool reflection than in a tempest of sentimental exaltation, and the same rule naturally applies to the business of a nation. The mischief of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy lay not so much in the measures he proposed, which indeed had been pretty well shaped by long previous discussion, as in the manner in which he presented them. There were many sober and sufficient reasons for disestablishing the Irish Church, and attempting to disentangle the knots of the land question, but these were not enough to satisfy the requirements of sensational statesmanship. There was to be a great exhibition of heroism on the one side, and of romantic gratitude on the other, and England and Ireland were for ever after to be locked in the closest embraces of affection. The only effect of these hysterical rhapsodies has been to produce disappointment on both sides in regard to what were in themselves more or less salutary measures. As for the Reform Act, there was extremely little sentiment about it. It was certainly not extorted by the pressure of the working classes, but was precipitated by existing parties in the hope of thus acquiring the control of the future electorate.

The wave of impulsive sentiment which passed over English politics in the early years of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government is rather an old story now, and it may be doubted whether there is much likelihood of its being repeated, at least during the present generation. M. MILSAND appears to have abruptly suspended his study of our political developments before the fall of the late Ministry;

and he has therefore failed to discover that the feverish excesses which inspire him with so much dismay were only a passing distemper, which worked its own cure by the reaction which it provoked. The truth is that nations, like individuals, are from time to time subject to fits of emotional excitement. The ordinary path of useful legislation is apt to be somewhat dull and tedious, and a mad scamper over a bit of grass is a welcome relief. Everybody must have observed how dry and decorous men of business, whose habit it is always to act with great prudence and on a careful calculation of probable results, sometimes fling aside all caution, and give way to a sudden burst of reckless enthusiasm. The very dryness and sobriety of their ordinary lives tends to intensify the outbreak, which, however, is usually soon over, and then they fall back once more into their former plodding and practical methods. Something of this kind happened to a certain number of our countrymen after the passing of the last Reform Act; but the violence of the attack quickly supplied its own remedy, and it may be doubted whether the body of the nation was ever very seriously affected by it. M. MILSAND is no doubt quite right in pointing out the dangers of loose and reckless sentiment, but he is administering his physic after the patient has recovered. In the phrase of his own tongue, he is preaching to a convert.

THE BREAK OF GAUGE IN INDIA.

OUR contemporaries, with the exception, indeed, of the *Daily News*, have been, one and all, beating the air or fighting with shadows in the matter of the old dispute as to the railway gauge in the Punjab. For whilst they have been wishing, or fearing, or hoping, according to their various beliefs in the Duke of ARGYLL, Mr. W. T. THORNTON, General STRACHEY, or the Institution of Civil Engineers, the matter which they discuss as an open problem has been long since entirely settled. As a Correspondent points out in Thursday's *Times*, the Blue-Book (dated on the 27th April, but only very recently published) leaves the correspondence incomplete; but a resolution of the Supreme Government of India, dated on the 3rd August, officially announces what has been finally resolved on. This resolution, however, only puts into effect what was decided so long since as the 25th June, on which day—as a supplement to the Blue-Book, issued not many days since, shows fully—the Marquis of SALISBURY gave his fiat, reversing the Duke of ARGYLL'S former orders. Under this decision, the broad gauge, to which Lord NORTHBROOK and his Council attach so much importance, is ordered to be laid down on the Indus Valley line; and the gauge for the line from Lahore to the frontier station of Peshawur is left to be fixed by the local Government, which of course has decided on carrying out its own view previously expressed, and making the gauge here broad also.

It is really surprising that so simple a matter should have given rise to such a flood of correspondence and so many counter-orders before the common-sense, practical view of the question asserted itself. Of course it is easy to quote Lord MAYO'S opinion in favour of the narrower and cheaper system, and thus to attempt to show that the Duke of ARGYLL was all along in the right. But those who do this are hiding or forgetting the true circumstances of the case. Lord MAYO decided, and most properly, that we could not go on for ever covering India with a network of guaranteed or State-constructed lines on a system too expensive to pay, and that future extensions should therefore be, as a rule, on the metre gauge. No one disputes this view. What had to be settled was the exact point for the application of the new rule. Lord MAYO, pressed on by immediate financial exigencies, and anxious to make a speedy protest against the extravagant system which had been the rule, was for making Lahore the terminus of the broad main lines from Bombay and Calcutta which meet at Allahabad, and run together from that city into the Punjab. His reasons are obvious, and bear stating fairly enough; but they cannot for a moment weigh against the fact that the present Government of India takes a different view, and takes it on unassailable grounds. These are that, if Kurrachee is to be brought into the general scheme, and made, as it must eventually be, the direct approach from England to all Upper India, then it becomes naturally the *sea terminus* to the existing main line; and, further, that Peshawur, our gate into Afghanistan, and our main guard on the Central Asian

side, should be equally naturally the inland terminus. When we add that to carry out these "branches from Lahore," as they are erroneously termed, on different gauges, would deprive them of their value when used jointly as a line of communication along the whole of the Afghan and Beloochee frontier, the absurdity of the compromise which has been proposed of making one of them, but not the other, on the gauge of the main line to Lahore will be seen at once.

It cannot be too strongly insisted on that there is no real difference of principle remaining as between Lord MAYO's and Lord NORTHBROOK's general view. Each points to closing as soon as possible the expensive broad gauge system. Only Lord NORTHBROOK, placed in India at a time when events have drawn attention more to Central Asian affairs than before, naturally thinks more than his predecessor did of the importance of that particular corner of our Empire which is most immediately concerned with Central Asian politics. The very highest estimate of the proposed saving which would have been made had the Duke of ARGYLL's unfortunate order been carried out is so small that in such a matter as this it was scarcely worth considering. As Lord SALISBURY, in his final memorandum reviewing the opinions given, points out, the difference between the two schemes, as calculated by Mr. MOLESWORTH, is to be 60,000*l.* a year, as calculated by Mr. HAWKSHAW 12,000*l.*, by Mr. FOWLER nothing. Even taking the largest sum, as the military credits amount to 15,000,000*l.*, this proposed expenditure for the insurance of the frontier—it might have been added of the Empire—will be less than a penny in the pound.

The late Secretary of State was not merely unfortunate in his decision, but he contrived to give it at a wrong time, and in a very injudicious way. It was given at a wrong time, because the last remonstrance of Lord NORTHBROOK reached him when the GLADSTONE Ministry had had its deathblow in the first general elections of the present year, and his retirement was merely a question of weeks, or even of days. That he felt this is unmistakably manifest from his telegram, published in the supplementary Blue-Book, sent to Lord NORTHBROOK on receipt of that remonstrance, which contains the words, "In a few days I shall tell you what I decide on the Indus Valley, if I decide at all." (Of course the italics are ours.) After this, it would surely have been much better to leave the question to his successor, who could hardly help reopening it under the VICEROY's pressure, than to follow this uncertain telegram with the hasty despatch of five days later, which is curt and arbitrary in tone, wrong in its reasoning, if the profession of Civil Engineers knew anything at all of their business, and calculated to be so speedily reversed as to give it much the air of a sort of feminine desire to have the last word in a long quarrel.

It is not recorded by history whether Chancellor OXENSTIERN made any allowance for gout and dyspepsia when his famous estimate of the world's government was first given; but these maladies, or their subtle and numerous kindred, must surely be responsible for some of the needless irritation thrown away in the volumes before us. The Government of India going out of its way to express its opinion of General STRACHEY's relations with the late Secretary; Sir ERSKINE PERRY and Mr. MANGLES delivering a solemn address on the constitutional position of Indian Councilors as part of their dissent from a secondary railway decision; General STRACHEY writing satirically in his Memorandum of the "want of precision in the language employed" in Lord NORTHBROOK's despatch, and with undisguised contempt of the reasoning of the Indian Staff, who advise his Lordship on military points; the said Staff in their reply doubting "if any other authority would support General STRACHEY" in one of his most positive statements—all these and various other authorities concerned seem to put themselves needlessly in a fume, and therefore naturally in the wrong. But they have been but imitating humbly the example set them by the Duke of ARGYLL. The late Secretary for India writes in a pettish way of the contradictory views of the Supreme Government. He adds fuel to the fire of professional controversy by sending out General STRACHEY's paper criticizing its proceedings and advisers in words that could certainly never have been meant for the eyes of Lord NORTHBROOK and his colleagues. He gives a decision in the last few days of his rule in the very teeth of the opinion of the majority of his own Council, of the expressed wishes of the VICEROY, and of the whole weight of professional authority, both civil and military. And, finally, he spends the closing hours of

his official life in writing repeated minutes on the dissents from his ruling, in which he analyses the personal and professional opinions of his advisers with their qualifications for giving any, speaks of "the unformed state of the public mind" as answerable for that "opinion out-of-doors" which he knows to be against his own, and condemns "the strong and unaccountable animus shown by the Civil Engineers," and the influence brought to bear on public men by the "strong commercial interests" "at work in favour of the broad gauge"; which interests he evidently thinks have got a general conspiracy of councillors, public, politicians, and professional men to run down his favourite idea.

This remarkable Blue-Book is but symptomatic of the very bad management which has been conspicuous throughout the affair. It was well done at the outset to challenge public opinion freely through the Institute of Civil Engineers; and right gallantly did Mr. THORNTON—as we at the time pointed out—fight for the cause entrusted to him. But when it appeared plainly that the grounds taken for economy in this special instance were mistaken, that the saving would be trivial, that almost every opinion of any weight taken (always excepting General STRACHEY's) was absolutely against the break at Lahore, and finally that Lord NORTHBROOK, on the spot, and in full view of his responsibilities, strongly opposed it; it would have been more practical and sensible, as well as certainly much more graceful, for the Duke of ARGYLL to have yielded, instead of leaving his work to be immediately undone on the very advice he made so light of. Had he chosen this wiser course, we should have been spared a good deal of the unpleasant garnishing in which is served up a fresh exposure of administrative blundering, which will certainly not fail to add to the reputation the late Cabinet had gained for that form of political crime.

DREAMS.

THE disciple of Lucretius invented by Professor Tyndall at Belfast to impugn Bishop Butler's psychology referred to the story of his master's suicide in despair and disgust at the remembrance of an unworthy dream. This story has been treated also by Mr. Tennyson, in a poetical soliloquy exposing the character of that unwholesome vision, and the revolt of moral and intellectual pride against its degrading sway. It is not expedient here to examine the processes of thought and feeling under the application of a stimulating drug to that particular capability of emotion. But the attitude of the mind during sleep, with regard to the variety of fugitive ideas that present themselves to a dreamer's consciousness, is a topic of general and constant interest. It seems to be agreed by the champions of hostile creeds in philosophy that the will has no control over this stream of mental images in fantastic combination, welling up from every chamber of the brain when the pressure of outward sensation is taken off. This is confessed alike by those who would identify "the man himself" with the bodily organization and by those who claim for "the soul" a potential independence of the brain and nervous system. The will is felt to be practically inactive in sleep so far as concerns that power of guiding, checking, or diverting the course of thought which we possess while fairly awake, and which may be called the power of mental self-rule. What is sometimes called attention is merely the force with which the mind applies itself to objects which excite a strong feeling at the time. This engrossing devotion to the pursuit in which an immediate interest is felt seems analogous to the momentum of mechanical force. It is frequently in conflict with the voluntary mental action of self-rule; the one is a servant of principle, while the other is too often a slave of passion. Now the latter, in the mind of a sleeper, has all its own way, whereas the former has lost its hold upon the thinking machinery. The higher moral sentiments, which can only be gratified by complete efforts of self-command, not by surrender even to noble impulses, are never consciously mingled with the feelings experienced in a dream. There is, indeed, considerable activity of the social affections. But these affections, before their adoption into the sphere of moral devotedness, rest upon a basis of egotism, as their objects have a personal connexion with self, and of familiar association with the habits of life cherished in the past. The dreamer is an utter egotist, but he nevertheless loves and hates his fellow-creatures quite as ardently as in waking hours. He has no pure benevolence, nor any sense of equity in the abstract. He is arrogant and quarrelsome, and gets into violent passions for an imaginary cause. Pride and disdain, the desire of social esteem, of rank and praise, of mastery and victory, with fierce resentment of insults and offences, invade the slumbers even of the meek. On the other hand, those who are hard and cold-hearted may sometimes have dream-fits of extreme tenderness, and melt in ecstasies of love and pity.

It is consistent with this loosened and partially darkened state of the mind that a certain kind of remorse or self-reproach should be

felt during sleep. But this bears no regard to abstract moral principle, the idea of which, and of the highest responsibility, can only be entertained by the full power of the waking mind. In general, mankind seems to be governed by a twofold conscience. There is the higher and inner conscience, resulting from the ideas of absolute and essential obligation and of universal law. There is also the external or customary conscience, formed by recollections of approval or disapproval consequent on particular acts, and this sort of empirical conscience belongs to a well-trained dog. Now, during sleep, as we have above remarked, the higher department of moral consciousness appears to be closed. But the habitual association of particular deeds with agreeable or disagreeable effects upon the moral sensibility is still carried on. We shall find it worth while to examine its operation within the range of mental activity left to the sleeper. It was just now observed that the condition of sleep takes away from the will all control over the thoughts. It would be equally correct to say that the will, now detached from the supreme guiding faculty of reason, becomes their sport and prey. Their origin, so far as we can trace it, seems to lie in the random reminiscences of sensations formerly impressed on the brain, and linked together, by millions of complex and subtle associations, through the whole past life. Those combinations of sensible ideas which have gained strength by repeated presentation, or which excite the passions and affections, predominate in the floating mass. This constitutes the idiosyncrasy, or natural disposition, and the direction of the current of thoughts in sleep, as in vacant waking hours, is usually determined by this alone. But the ideas so presented never fail to arouse in sleep the feelings which they would naturally excite in the waking mind. The dreamer must needs surrender his will to these emotions without restraint, since he has nothing else to hold fast by, nor any fixed point in sight. It is like being in a ship without a helm, borne along by wind and wave, the shore being distant and the stars obscured. But, for the dreamer, to will a deed is to dream of instantly doing it, or striving to do it; and then, if his previous waking conceptions of similar deeds were associated with painful or shameful consequences, he feels intense mortification. It never occurs to him, as it so often does to men who are wide awake, if they are sorry for what they have done, that the wrongful act may be excused because their will to resist was overcome by the impulse of passion. The dreamer's consciousness tells him that he had not the slightest will to resist, and that his whole will, acting with its fullest energy, was bent upon doing the evil deed. He is therefore still oppressed with a sense of responsibility, and with a vague terror of the consequences, and a feeling of profound disgrace, though he does not see any other course that he could have pursued. This is because the fatal chain of ideas leading to the excitement of undue passion and to a corresponding resolve is not intersected or accompanied in the dreaming mind by reflections upon an alternative or opposite line of conduct. Every person in waking hours, yielding to habit or to feeling or to some outward influence, must nevertheless think somewhat of the possibility of doing otherwise, if only to reject that possibility. But it is not so with the man in his sleep, inasmuch as the mind is then deprived of its faculty of comparing the alternatives, as well as of its power to dismiss an objectionable train of ideas, and to commence one preferred by rational judgment. This is the exercise of mind guarded by the higher moral sense or true conscience. The secondary conscience, ordinarily proceeding from the fear of censure and contempt, or from other notions of self-interest, or from mere custom, has no jurisdiction over the thoughts. Its useful office is to reprove the faults of outward action and expression. The apparent capability of the will to commit these faults during sleep is therefore visited by reproaches from what we may call the secondary conscience, which is lively enough in dreams. Yet its operation in this instance is blindly mechanical, and is not more a visitation of justice than any form of physical suffering caused by accident or disease.

The innocent victims of its severity are a very numerous class, and deserve our sincere compassion. It is sad to know that not only the humiliating sense of moral impotence, but the guilt of conscious transgression, is the nightly portion of many wise and virtuous men. The saint in his sleep is sometimes transformed into a blackguard, the hero behaves like a sneak, and the prudent citizen becomes an impertinent fool. The gentlest and kindest find themselves doing murder among their families and friends. The man of honour toils all night to concoct a scheme of fraud. The divine preacher or pastor catches himself uttering horrid blasphemy in church. It is probably the persons most averse, by temperament as well as on principle, to any particular kind of vice, who are most liable to dream of it. And such dreams are quite as likely to visit their couch after days faithfully employed in the strict discharge of duty or in contemplating a noble or sacred ideal. This is not inconsistent with our remark concerning the effect of dominant ideas upon the set of the current of loosened thoughts. The ideas of piety and holiness, of equity, of charity, of sobriety and propriety, have a latent association with their opposites, which may be excluded from the waking mind by discipline and culture, but lurk somewhere in the heap of stored-up mental conceptions. When it seethes and stirs in the unchecked flow of dreaming reminiscences, such images as have been repressed by the voluntary exercise of mental self-control on account of their connexion with the idea of sin will often emerge with a scandalous air of familiarity. Every reader of the *Acta Sanctorum* must remember some curious instances of this trouble which is apt to beset the ascetic devotee, and which used to be ascribed to the interference of mischievous

demons practising the queerest tricks of illusion. But the effect is just as natural as that of withdrawing pressure from an elastic spring or an air-cushion, to which may be compared the topical sources of those currents of nervous action, in the brain and organs of sensation, already placed *en rapport* with the forbidden ideas. When the restraining power of rational discernment and moral resolution is absent, as it is during sleep, those parts of the cerebral and nervous organization which have hitherto been prevented from delivering their charge of representative impressions can take their revenge. They send forth an impetuous throng of concrete imagery grouped around an unperceived central point, which is precisely the forgotten rule of conduct, or ethical principle, for whose sake the will had formerly been exerted to keep those images aloof. The reaction, which is purely physical, comes just where the stress of voluntary repression was directly applied. But unhappily this is not the end of the process. As we have seen, the presence of concrete ideas naturally suggestive of a prohibited action has an instantaneous effect upon the feelings; emotion is followed by volition, and by an imaginary action, which is attended by a real pang of remorse.

There is a less oppressive form of bondage to the nocturnal magician who plays such pranks with the mind shut up in its fleshly prison when the doors and windows of sense are closed. It is not always a malignant Satan, but sometimes a frolicsome Puck or Queen Mab, that slyly touches the hidden strings of the wonderful instrument—grey jelly and white fibres being all we can see—by which the trace of every past impression is preserved, recalled, and wrought into ever new combinations. The greatest of our poets and psychologists, who makes a virtuous hero pray God at midnight to “restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose,” describes also, with exquisite humour and truth, the ludicrous incidents which not less frequently arise in a sleeper's harmless frenzy. He has noted more especially how these lighter casual fancies are sometimes imported into the dream by an actual touch—or, it may be, an actual sound—which forces an entrance into the receptacle of sensations, and summons a familiar troop of allied ideas to join it. Queen Mab's tiny chariot is driven across the knee of a courtier, and makes him think of bending that knee before the king. It tickles the hand of a lawyer, and he seems to be fingering a fee; or it passes over a lady's lips, and gives her the pleasure of a lover's kiss. Experiments have often been tried in this way, to the amusement of those who have practised on their sleeping friends, when these are persuaded afterwards to confess the subjects of their dreams. Even a word or two spoken in the sleeper's ear has been known to introduce the idea of its proper meaning into the mind without breaking the chain of slumber, and to originate a fresh dream, or to mix up this idea with those he had before. It is by the observation of such facts that we learn how the lapse of a few seconds, or the very moment of waking, may be long enough for a dream that seems to the sleeper of immense duration. The breaking of a glass at the bedside, in Tennyson's *Sea Dreams*, raises in the man's labouring fancy a somewhat protracted vision of a fleet of glass ships at sea drifting to wreck upon a reef of golden rocks. In these hallucinations caused by some actual impression from without, the emotional activity is less intense—the dream is less profound and less seriously taken to heart—than where the images are evolved wholly from the deep store of old experiences. The affections, having grown up about the ideas presented in the latter case, are prompt to respond at the instant of their reappearance. Both ideas and affections, indeed, may easily be aroused by a half-consciousness of some accidental circumstance in the posture of the body. But the sleep is lighter upon these occasions, as the mind is partially awake to outward impressions, and the dream is not attended with very earnest feeling. In the deepest and sincerest of our dreams, as in the imaginative genius of the greatest poet, there is an element of the richest humour. Its creations are, however, like those of dreaming passion, too often exhibited at the cost of our personal self-respect. Queen Mab delights in making us ridiculous, and exposing us to fancied public shame. People seem to come and go without the least warning, and one person is unaccountably exchanged for another, so that we address them wrongly, and tell them what ought not to be told. All this makes us feel very much ashamed of ourselves, but we cannot help it. The simplest plight, however, of conscious impotence is when in our dream we have something to say or to do, and find that we cannot open our lips, or move hand or foot. In this instance probably the motor nerves have been faintly stirred by a summons of the will, but not with sufficient energy to act upon the muscles.

An endless variety of absurd conditions might be related by a diligent historian of authentic dreaming experiences. In general, it may be owing to indigestion, or to some obstruction of the breathing or in the circulation of the blood, that dreams are pervaded by a vague anxiety which continually invents some fictitious blunder or disaster. There is always a propensity to conceive that something has gone wrong, because the overloaded stomach, or the brain overcharged with too much business and study, disturbs the spontaneous action of those faculties still allowed to play. Their dramatic representations, in which, from the unsleeping and absorbing egotistic consciousness, the dreamer himself is a chief performer, borrows from his bodily uneasiness a complexion of discomfort. He may not become in his sleep the murderer of his wife and children, but he will perpetrate grievous mistakes and hear sundry voices of rebuke and complaint. The subject of complaint, indeed, though it appeared a serious matter in the dream,

may afford him a hearty laugh when his eyes open in the morning. A curious instance of this kind befell the present writer. He thought he was an undertaker, and re-entered his workshop after a brief absence. "Oh, sir," his journeyman or apprentice said to him, "that old gentleman you buried on Tuesday has been here again, to say his coffin is a very bad fit, three inches too short. He says he never had such an uncomfortable coffin in his life." Here was something wrong with a vengeance, and the dreamer felt sincerely sorry, as a good tradesman should be, that one of his customers was so badly served.

LEGACIES OF THE BENGAL FAMINE.

THE lull in politics which follows the prorogation of Parliament has extended to the torrid zone of the Indian famine. The Oriental barometer of the *Times* has recently gone up from Stormy to Change, and even to Fair. The Correspondent of a daily paper who went out to ban has returned to bless. And the general feeling of the English public seems to be quite favourable to the Indian administration, which, by dint of lavish expenditure and admirable method, has managed, not only to keep the population alive, but even, it is asserted, to increase their average bulk and to lower the ordinary rate of mortality. It is, however, extremely desirable that attention should be intelligently bestowed on the present position of affairs, because, though the crops promise well for the moment, a failure of the later rains might yet bring about the same phases of needless alarm, just apprehension, random fault-finding, and active remedies, which we have gone through during the past twelvemonth. We propose, therefore, to show briefly what has been done to keep the people of Behar in health and cheerfulness, and on what precise conditions must depend their power to feed themselves in the approaching autumn and winter. During the crisis of May and June it may be asserted roundly that four millions of human beings, or more than the whole census of Scotland, were directly or indirectly receiving their daily food from Government. We do not mean, of course, that these numbers were either employed for wages on tasks or were fed at rice stores. But, in one shape or another, the liberality and forethought of the English rulers extended to that mass of human beings. And, had it been imperative, this amount might have been exceeded, without much additional effort, by another half-million. The distribution of relief was somewhat as follows: 2,650,000 men, women, and children were preserved from the horrors of starvation, scheduled as below, during the height of the pressure:—

Relief works	1,750,000
Pure charity	225,000
Families subsisting on advances of grain and money	275,000
Families paying for the Government grain, in tracts without any private supply	400,000
Total	2,650,000

Moreover, besides these, a considerable portion of the community which had some pecuniary resources to fall back on was indirectly furnished with support by the action of the State. The Government sold rice and other grain to the petty village retailers of such articles at three or four rupees the Indian maund, which it had cost five or seven rupees to buy. And in tracts or villages where money was circulating, these shopkeepers could sell at a profit to many respectable householders who would have been unwilling or ashamed to swell the throng of paupers crowding daily round a Government granary. In fact, the outgoings of Government grain in one shape or another, given in charity, sold wholesale, or retailed to the task-workers on wages, were estimated to be sufficient to provide more than a pound of rice daily to five millions of people. It is doubtless prudent to set down the maximum in any one week or fortnight at four millions. As a general rule, the Government began to open its granaries and to sell whenever ten *seers* or twenty pounds of rice could not be procured for one rupee. In these ways as much as fourteen hundred tons a day was carried off by the grain-dealers; more than thirty-five thousand pounds were paid away in daily wages; and recently the numbers receiving charitable relief rose, in three divisions, to 750,000. Some curious facts have been elicited by the famine, in some instances verifying, in others flatly contradicting, prophecies based on "intimate familiarity with the native character." Agriculturists cultivated their own plots in the morning, took a mid-day meal, and then worked during the afternoon and till sunset on public roads, railway embankments, and village reservoirs. Some, influenced by superstition, refrained from sowing after the first showers of the rainy season, "because the moon was passing through an unpropitious mansion." Others boldly disregarded these warnings, and did well. Several of the Zemindars executed relief works with their own funds or by loans made by the State. Others advanced money and seed grain to their tenants, and others became security for similar advances. The importers and exporters of food grains alone appear to have been paralysed. The gigantic scale and the enormous reach of official operations deprived them of all motive for enterprise. Their exertions were limited to the distribution of produce within their own limited circles. Naturally, during the past few months, the abundant and regular flow of private charity entirely ceased. In any ordinary year Hindus and Mohammedans, besides becoming the prey of swarms of needy and idle relations, periodically

relieve the leper, the professional beggar, the lame, and the halt. But everybody of late has waited for the action of the State. This crisis, in fact, has inverted relative positions, has outraged the dicta of political economy, has taxed the energies and racked the invention of a highly endowed Service, has discredited the sagacity of prophets of unutterable evils, and, if it may be closed by something like a psalm of triumph, has still opened out sundry new views of Imperial liabilities which it will require the utmost political sagacity and calmness to discharge.

We shall show presently what undesirable legacies may have been bequeathed by executive action on such a grand scale. We must first explain what is still required in order that the people may settle down to their ordinary occupations, and the Government resume its interrupted career of internal reforms. Half a dozen inches of rain, falling at any time between the 15th of September and the 15th or 20th of October, will prevent famine or scarcity; but this is a *sine quâ non*. No one now can persist in asserting that from the 28th of June in Behar, and from the 10th of that month in Bengal, agricultural prospects have, with some partial exceptions, been dark or unpropitious. It is true that senders of telegrams have struggled hard to turn the tide of success. Every ordinary incident of the tropical season was eagerly pressed into the service. Now it was a gale, which threatened Madras, but which refused to come up from the vasty deep of the Bay of Bengal, even as high as False Point. Now it was an inundation, which paid arrears of rainfall with interest, and swamped whole plains of newly-sown rice; though, as every Indian official knows, inundations must be partial in extent and temporary, and must give as much in the way of silt and rich deposit as they take away in crop or seed. Here it was a tribe of Zemindars who had shown the proverbial apathy and heartlessness of their class. There it was an army of coolies who had "bolted" in defiance of restraining magistrates and of Penal Codes; or a fire which had licked up the contents of a huge cluster of granaries; or a tropical downpour which had wasted the unprotected rice bags, condemned the laxity of officials, and justified the denunciations of the vigorous and independent pen. But all these contradictory flashes of intelligence have hitherto been of no avail. The main crop of Bengal and Behar is, we have been informed by telegram, just at this moment in such a hopeful condition that two days of continued rain at the nick of time will make the harvest safe. To understand this it is necessary to bear in mind that the late rice crop, till the month of November, and, in low lying tracts, till December and January, must grow and ripen with its roots in water. Coming on a soil already saturated with moisture and protected by the very harvests from the scorching influence of the sun, a comparatively moderate rainfall will give what is required. During May, June, and even July, there is a good deal of waste in Nature's workshop. Then in the very best years torrents of rain flood a high country as yet unprepared for the crop, or cause seed to rot, or drown the young shoots, or prematurely turn the deep unploughed lands into standing and infructuous pools of water. In September and October every drop is precious and beneficent, while nothing is wasted. The uplands, cleared of their summer or early crop, require moisture for the sowing of cereals and pulses, which, be it remembered, comprise the second or spring harvest of the Indian year. On the stiff clayey soils the winter or staple harvest will hold any amount of rainfall without injury; but it must have a good refreshing parting legacy of four or five inches, or the greater portion might almost as well have been omitted from the agricultural calendar. In the years 1851 and 1862 several hundred miles of cultivation in Bengal Proper were visited by a deluge of at least twelve inches, the greater part of which fell within twenty-four consecutive hours in the month of October. Much good was done, and no damage worth mention. One-third or one-quarter of the amount would have literally saved the country at this time last year, and it must be vouchsafed within the next thirty days to secure all that is destined for the sickle between November and March. It is premature to dismiss all apprehension. But as we write, or soon after our readers see these sentences, the doubt may be happily solved by a telegram of two lines. Should it be otherwise, no period could be assigned to our anxieties. This is the critical turning-point of the whole year. We deem it essential to lay stress on this danger without anticipating it. Fortunately ordinary calculations and chances are against a deficit in the same provinces two years running. But the recollections of last season are quite sufficient to make responsible statesmen anxious, and to keep prudent journalists awake. That the relief works cannot under any circumstances be entirely closed before October, and that aid may still be given to a considerable part of the population until the late crop is garnered in December, are mere secondary considerations. The assurance of the main harvest will terminate harassing speculations as well as excessive interference with the Oriental laws of demand and supply.

More serious discussions will arise out of the political and social problems created by this memorable crisis in Bengal and Behar, as well as in regard to the precautionary measures which must be applied to other parts of India more liable to suffer from drought. It is no doubt a grand thing for a ruler to look round and say that he has reduced the sufferers of want and scarcity from hundreds of thousands to hundreds, and that he has cut down the actual deaths to a few scores. But it is impossible to deny that this gratification, however unselfish and legitimate, has been earned by an unlimited command of money, by a profuse purchase of materials, by a reckless employment of resources, by the most continuous exertions on the part of a disciplined civil and military

staff, and by an abeyance of many of those schemes of national progress which no one was better calculated to conceive than Sir George Campbell, or to mature and complete than Sir Richard Temple. Then, for the first time perhaps in Indian history, a vast population has been taught that it has little to do except to exhibit a complete dependence on the fatherly provision of the State. Laborious agriculturists, respectable householders, high-caste Brahmins, low-caste Dosadhs, have had simply to exercise the virtues of patience, endurance, and belief in the ruling powers. They have not had occasion to call to the Hindu Jupiter. Work has been found for their hands, food for their families, money for their purses. As a set-off we may have a right to calculate henceforth on an increased feeling of loyalty to an alien Government, and on a more implicit belief in the ability of the imperious and uncongenial Englishman to reverse the decrees of impending fate. But these theories of paternal beneficence may be slightly inconvenient in practice, and we fear that at the next social crisis the motives for self-help and self-reliance will be found even less than they have been hitherto. Then the means proposed to render famines impossible or inoperative may be as fraught with yearly peril to the Indian Exchequer as has been this unavoidable and unchecked liberality spread over a few months. For instance, men have talked and written as if a network of canals would have put an end to all anxiety. Now irrigation, where suited to the climate and the people, may work miracles in India. It was tried with success by the Mohammedan Emperors in Upper India, and their neglected works have been repaired and extended in our own time with commensurate effect. Irrigation might create a garden in the sands of Rajpootana. By it a good acreage was redeemed from barrenness in the districts traversed by the Sone river this very year. It might be even introduced profitably in Sarun and Tirhoot, on the left bank of the Ganges. But we seriously doubt its applicability to Bengal, humid, vaporous, conservative of moisture, and prolific of vegetation. The statesman who should commit himself to a large outlay for canals in Rajshahye, Dinagapore, or Bogra, might find that he had left behind him nothing but a ridiculous monument of extravagance and caprice. It would perhaps be unfair to submit the works lately executed by way of finding employment for the people to the severe standard of engineering in quiet times. Work had to be devised in haste, and it may possibly go to pieces in leisure. Still something has been done which ought to outlive the famine. A few miles of canals have been completed near the rivers Gunduk and Sone. A new railway, intended to tap the agricultural resources of Northern Bengal—that is, of the neglected districts on the left bank of the great river—has been planned, and the embankment, which requires about two years to settle, has been raised four feet in height for some considerable distance. District roads intended to feed this railway have been constructed for about a hundred miles. Numbers of village reservoirs have been thoroughly cleansed, and their sides repaired and turfed. The Government can hardly go wrong in this particular direction. Without pronouncing decisively for or against great schemes of irrigation, we may safely lay it down as a sound maxim that every famine could be easily reduced to scarcity and high prices if every great province of India were traversed by one main line of railway, which sent out two or three branches to prominent marts, and which was connected by fair district roads with each police station or large circle of villages.

We must leave for future and more careful discussion the measures necessary for this enormous population to which, it has been truly shown, we have held out high premiums to increase and multiply. We have mitigated pestilences and have put down Mahrattas, Pindarries, gang-robbers, Thugs, and other vermin, until some Indian districts resemble an overstocked rabbit-warren or a royal preserve where there are no foxes or birds of prey. We have extinguished some native manufactures. Our development of mineral and other resources has been too minute to have any appreciable effect. But these facts ought not to blind us to the merits of the two Lieutenant-Governors who, in succession, have personally directed the campaign against the famine. Differing in experience, temperament, mode of conducting business, and management of subordinates, they have watched over the lives of the community with equal vigilance and singular identity of aim; and if some of the highest attributes of a statesman are resistance to panic or clamour and calm action under unmerited aspersions, Lord Northbrook is entitled to very high praise. These facts must not be forgotten when sensational telegrams have spent their forces, and when we descend to the prosaic duty of calculating exactly what it has cost us to keep half an Indian province alive.

NOVEL-READING.

THE question, What kind of literature is most read? is often made a theme for social homilies. It may be not less profitable to put the question for once in the converse form. And to this we answer without hesitation, that no class of books is so little read in the present age and country as novels. This seems a surprising statement, but it shall be justified. We do not say that novels are not as much taken up and looked at as other books. The thing to be settled is, what is meant by reading? Now we do not call it reading a book to glance over two or three pages anywhere near the beginning, two or three pages anywhere near the end, and perhaps one or two in the middle. This is a process

not without its uses for several purposes, which it would be needless and perhaps invidious to enumerate, but it is not reading. Again, we do not include taking up a book for ten minutes and laying it down again, and so on at irregular intervals for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time, till one has nibbled a way through the volume from title to colophon. This is reading every part of the book, but not reading the whole book. It is a partial substitute with which we sometimes have to put up for want of opportunity to take in the whole, but let us not fancy that it is the same thing. Neither do we allow that it is properly to be called reading when we rock ourselves as it were to a sweet intellectual slumber over a novel, being in the lazy mood which desires repose rather than active enjoyment, and not grasping definite conceptions, but letting a series of pictures float before us. This is an excellent way of taking pleasure in a book which one knows already; and there are some works of fiction—notably Mr. Morris's tales in verse, which, as he himself says, live and move in an atmosphere betwixt waking and sleeping—which are more enjoyable in the mellowed and dreamy twilight of these after-meditations than in the vivid apprehension of their novelty. But such later delights presuppose a former wakeful reading; and this perhaps is a good æsthetic reason for the publishing season being what it is, inasmuch as a romance or poem brought out in November is about ripe for dreaming over when the summer holidays come round. However, it is plain that all this has nothing to do with the first and true reading, except that it must come after it.

The conditions necessary for the full and sufficient enjoyment of a novel or other playbook (to use an expressive school term covering every book read without any purpose of instruction) are such as unhappily do not come together as often as might be wished. One or two are at once seen to be indispensable, and it is equally obvious that they are beyond control; such as being in the general frame of mind proper for novel-reading, and then finding the particular novel suited to one's particular frame of mind. But the most important is to have nothing else to do. It is impossible to give oneself up to the influence of a great writer, or to keep oneself in the attitude of sympathy and moral correspondence which he has a right to expect from his readers, if serious conflicting claims are present, or even expected. And freedom from interruption is necessary, not only for the purpose of ensuring the due quality of the artistic impression at any moment, but for preserving a continuous order of all the impressions which in the result are to build up a harmonious ideal whole. This practically means that one ought to have a clear day at least to give to a novel in order to read it to the best advantage; for certainly there are very few good novels which can be fairly read through at the ordinary pace of an educated reader in any shorter time. Now there is an occasion which does present itself to most persons of the literary class a certain number of times in every year, on which a novel may be read continuously through the greater part of the day with a reasonable assurance of there being nothing else to do. This is a long railway journey, on which, barring accidents, there is generally an abundance of spare time, and also an absence of any strong outward excitement. The first condition gives the opportunity, the second favours the disposition, for novel-reading. And thus the practice of reading a novel in the train is to be not only explained but justified. The reason for it is deeper than mere vacancy or craving for amusement. It is not simply that a traveller wants something to do; it is that he has a singularly good occasion for doing a particular thing which cannot always be done, but which, when it can be done, is exceedingly pleasant. We can recall sundry railway journeys which would in themselves have brought no gifts but a dreary resignation to the necessities of time and space, but whose hours were so transfigured by a volume of George Sand that there are few others in our memory for which we would willingly exchange them. It is true that the doctors say reading in a train is bad for the eyes. And so it is, no doubt, beyond a certain point, just as going in a train at all may be very bad for the whole body if it is made a fixed habit. It is by this time common knowledge that a man may seriously injure his health, and even induce special forms of disease, by travelling every day up and down such a distance as that between London and Brighton. But the same amount of railway travelling once a month will do him no harm; and we venture to think that a corresponding amount of reading in the train will leave any sound pair of eyes practically unharmed too. It is not suggested, indeed, that one should attempt to read bad print in a shaky carriage. This is one reason why we mentioned George Sand's works in particular as railway-books. French novels are printed in better and larger type than the editions of English ones produced at anything like a similar price, and the light and flexible volume in its paper cover is easily balanced in the hand and accommodated to the changes of motion so as to neutralize in part at least the alleged ill effects on the eyesight. Another advantage of a book in this form is that it is good enough to be worth keeping (which English railway editions generally are not), and yet not so good that one need be afraid of squeezing it into a hand-bag or a pocket in company with odds and ends. Another and a crowning merit is that it is generally in one volume, and so can be read right through in the course of a single journey, or at any rate a single excursion. Very few English novels are short enough to begin and finish with complete satisfaction in this way, at least in their own country. On the Continent the more sedate pace of railway travelling and the more convenient shape of Tauchnitz reprints make the case somewhat

different. A German, more especially a South German, train and a Tauchnitz volume of English wit or wisdom do indeed match one another with a fitness of mutual complement which may seem fore-ordained, and whereupon a philosopher might not unjustly fall to musing on the intricate ways of the universe and the subtle manifestations of final causes.

It will be seen that we confine our observations to travelling on land. A real sea voyage is a world of itself, into which we cannot now permit ourselves to wander. For the petty Channel and North Sea passages incident to Continental touring, there is nothing to be said but that a passenger must be either upon deck or below deck. Upon deck it is impossible to help looking about one; and as for reading a book below, we forbear to pursue a suggestion which may be listened to when the Bessemer or Dicey scheme is perfected, but which for the present can only call up a ghastly smile. Another excellent kind of opportunity for novel-reading in the true and artistic manner, perhaps in itself better than the last, but not so much within the general experience of mankind, is afforded by the intervals of walking expeditions. Days of rest provided for by the traveller's design, or enforced by bad weather, must sometimes fall on small inns bare of resources. Yet even in these one may find a happy godsend. In a little hostelry recently opened in an Alpine valley there has within our knowledge occurred a strange deposit left by some good Englishman unknown—nothing less than an odd half volume of Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, which, having read, he must have left behind him to economize weight. But oftener than not the Alpine climber can manage to dispose his times and distances so as to spend the idle day or day and a half between one march and another at one of the comparatively populous mountain resorts. And though he has taken no thought, and perhaps has no spare room, for any provision of literature, he may reap the fruits of a laudable custom by which the more prudent who bring up books from the cities of men piously leave them to benefit those who come after. A novel cannot be more worthily read than at such a time and place. The wholesome bodily indolence of well-earned repose, already tempered with bracing anticipations of new delight in action; the even balance of a mind unstrung from cares, and opened to fuller knowledge of all beautiful things by its fresh communion with nature; the splendour of the Alpine sky, and the clear purifying breath of the glaciers—with these accompaniments how should one fail to enjoy the power and skill of an admired author with a more lively apprehension, a more true and abiding emotion, than fall to the lot of moments hastily snatched and confusedly pieced together from amidst the monotonous bustle of everyday life? This is a virtue of travel in grand and inspiring scenery which is not sufficiently recognized. Our admiration is so occupied with the wholly new objects put before us that we hardly take note of the subtle power of such an environment to exalt all the ordinary faculties and occupations we bring with us, which at home seem commonplace.

In this attempt to arrive at the true principles of novel-reading we have adhered to a rather severely artistic way of looking at the question, which may possibly be considered impracticable; and there are certain necessary exceptions to be made. These are of two opposite kinds. For some books are too great, and many too small, to come within the description of novels as we understand the term. On the one hand, such a work as *Les Misérables* or *Middlemarch*, to take two instances in extremely different styles, cannot possibly be read with the same fluency as a book which consists entirely or chiefly of story. Generally the book exists for the sake of the story; but here the relation is reversed, and the story exists for the sake of something beyond and above itself; in the one case a prose epic which exhausts the life of Paris, in the other a philosophical satire which exhausts the life of provincial England. Now epics and philosophy are not for him who runs to read. Accordingly many readers who come to works such as these, expecting nothing more nor less than an entertaining novel, are often disappointed and angry at finding something far greater. They open what they thought a tavern door, and straightway they are in a temple. For our part we think there are not yet too many of such splendid disappointments in the world.

On the other hand, there is no lack of novels to which the foregoing remarks cannot be said to apply, for the plain reason that they will not bear reading through. As to these, if they are to be read at all, it matters but little when and how they are taken up and laid down. We will not say that a novel which cannot be read through has no right to exist, for it may have considerable merit in parts. But then its claims, whatever they are, must not be made in the capacity of a novel; for a good novel is an organic whole, a work of art. The sort of novel we speak of can be treated only as a quantity of printed matter which happens to contain certain brilliant fragments. The rest might be tables of logarithms, or proverbial philosophy, or anything else unreadable. When this is the case, odd minutes will clearly do as well as any other time for picking out whatever good there is in the mass; indeed better, since those favourable seasons whose advantages we have tried to indicate should be carefully reserved for books worthy to occupy them. It may be said, no doubt, with some justice, that there is a vicious reciprocal action in modern literature, hasty reading and careless writing giving one another mutual encouragement. But we believe care and skill always have their reward in the end; and we trust that a deeper culture will in time eradicate the slovenly habits induced in both writers and readers by the present diffusion of superficial taste.

DOUBLE CHRISTIAN NAMES.

ONE of the small controversies which befit the present time of the year has been going on about the antiquity of the fashion of giving one man more than one name in his baptism. Everything that illustrates the varieties of the human mind teaches us something, and the present little dispute has helped us to another instance of that singular state of mind which rolls the first and the third Earl of Shaftesbury into one. It is essentially the same state of mind as that which sees one and the same person in Dr. Samuel Parr the Greek scholar and Old Parr who lived as many years as Mr. Thom may be pleased to allow, which mixes up Richard Neville Earl of Warwick with the mythical Guy of the days of Æthelstan, and—we are not inventing our instances—which identifies Hannah More the Evangelical moralist with Anne Moore the fasting woman of Tutbury. It seems that the Tamworth register—that remarkable register which leads men to confound Non-jurors and Nonconformists—contains, or is said to contain, an entry of a double Christian name, which was first said to bear date in 1679, and afterwards, by a bolder flight, in 1579. The unconscious subject of the struggle is reported to bear the remarkable name of Thomas Dooley Pyp, a worthy fellow of Geoffrey Cheese-and-bread and Rogerus Deus-salvet-dominas. We should like to know what the name would really turn out to be if brought before the eyes of any one who can read manuscript; for we know very well what may come of the impetuous zeal of a newly appointed incumbent, who often never saw a register before and who naturally finds wonders in the register which is put under his own keeping. One who can read manuscripts of all ages has made the guess that the reading may very likely be "Thomas Dooley, *fil. pop.*"—"filius populi" being a common way of entering members of the class which took in William the Conqueror. There is therefore a fair chance that this bearer of a double Christian name at Tamworth in 1579 may turn out to be one of those bastard slips which, according to the apocryphal writer and to Dr. Shaw in the days of Edward the Fifth, are not likely to take root. Thomas Dooley Pyp may be safely set aside till we know more about him, and we may rest satisfied for a while with the undoubted case of Anthony Ashley Cooper more than forty years later.

The question however, though started, like many other questions, in an unintelligent way, is worth some examination. It is part of the history of nomenclature. And the question is twofold. First, When were two baptismal names first given to the same person? Secondly, When was the custom introduced into English private families? These two questions are quite distinct, and there can be no doubt that several centuries passed between the two stages. For the practice was usual in royal and princely houses long before it came down to everyday people, just as it is only quite lately that it has made its way into the lowest ranks of life. And it is equally certain that it was common on the Continent long before it became common in England. To mark the first recorded instances of these several stages would be quite worth the while of any one whose tastes lead him that way. But, like everything else, such an inquiry calls for knowledge of the matter in hand. It cannot be done by simply rushing at it, as seems to have been the fashion of the inexperienced hands that have been lately dealing with the question. All that we mean to do is to make a few remarks on the subject itself, and to throw out a few hints to any inquirer who may set about the business in a rational manner.

First of all, what do we understand by a double Christian name? It must not be confounded with several things which are at first sight not unlike it. Every case in which a man is called by two Christian names, even every case in which he is called by two possible Christian names at once, is not to be set down as an instance of the real double Christian name. By this last we understand the calling a man in his baptism by two names, each of which is by itself in use as a baptismal name. It is in fact putting two names together and making one name out of them. The most natural and obvious thing certainly seems to give only a single name to one man. In the old system of nomenclature, Greek and Roman, nobody ever thought of giving a double name. The Greek had only a single name of any kind; the Roman had only a single *prænomen*: he might have *prænomen*, *nomen*, *cognomen*, *agnomen*, till his whole description made rather a long story, but his own personal name was always simply Caius or Lucius, never Caius-Lucius, or Lucius-Caius. How the case may have stood in the later Roman time when nomenclature had got utterly confused, when men so commonly changed one string of names for another string of names, when, as Ammianus says, they thought to make themselves seem greater by taking strange names like Reburus and Tarrasius, it would be hard to say. But this fashion seems to have died out almost suddenly. Boetius has an endless string of names, but the contemporaries of Gregory the Great would almost seem to have had only one name apiece of any kind. In the early middle age men certainly seem as a rule to have been contented with a single name given in baptism, just as the Romans were contented with a single *prænomen*. If it be true that the Emperor Frederick the Second was baptized by the name of Frederick-Roger, it would doubtless be an early case of the double Christian name. And if it be true that Philip the Second of France received in his baptism the name of Augustus, by which he was certainly known from his own time, it would be an earlier and a still more singular case; for it would be coupling a real Christian name with something which was not exactly a Christian name, but rather a title or epithet. It certainly seems

that Philip was called Augustus, as some people have been since, simply because he was born in the month of August. But it does not seem clear whether the name was actually given to him in his baptism. If it was not, it belongs, not to the class of double Christian names, but to the history of surnames in their non-hereditary stage. We are not at all prepared to say that either Frederick or Philip, if they really had the double Christian name, were the earliest cases of its use. Orderic speaks of the Emperor Henry the Fifth as Karolus-Henricus, whether he really was called so, or whether Orderic thought that every Emperor ought to be Charles as well as Cesar and Augustus; and long before even Henry we find a Charles-Constantine and an Otto-William among the princes of the royal Burgundy; and the various names borne by the Dukes of Aquitaine are simply baffling. But it is not safe to assert that Charles-Constantine and Otto-William were real cases of a double Christian name. In "Carolus Constantinus" we cannot be certain that "Constantinus" is strictly a name at all. It may be a title taken up like "Flavius" and "Cæsar"; it may be—for we know very little about his life—a mere epithet implying that he was born in some one of many places called Constantia. Otto William sounds more like one of the cases in which a man really bore two names.

We come across not a few cases of men who are called by more than one name because they had changed their names on various pretences. Thus there is an Aquitanian prince who seems to be called almost indifferently Guy, Geoffrey, and Peter, and all the Dukes of his house for a long time seem to have taken the name of William when they succeeded to the duchy. Others changed their names when they entered religion, and yet they could not always quite get rid of their former names. Thus the historian who is familiarly spoken of as Ordericus Vitalis did not bear a double name; he was baptized Orderic, and took the name of Vital when he became a monk; so the founder of the Cistercian order was constantly called Stephen Harding, and we have no doubt that many people take Harding for a surname. But according to the analogy of Orderic he should rather be called Harding Stephen, for Harding was his baptismal name and Stephen his name in religion. So we have an abbot of Abingdon in the eleventh century whom the local history speaks of as "Abbas Ealdredus, qui et Brichwinus dictus est (binomius enim erat)." One of these, one would think, must have been his name in religion, though as a rule the name of religion is that of some well-known Saint like Stephen or Vital. Of cases of this kind a long list might be made, but it is somewhat curious that, though in the case of Christians who entered religion the new name, if it did not displace the old, is used alongside with it, yet when a heathen man was baptized by a new Christian name he seems to have been always called by his heathen name. Rolf, Rollo, or Rou was never called Robert; Swegen, the conqueror of England, is never called Otto, nor is his son Cnut ever called Lambert. Guthrum, baptized as Æthelstan, does seem to have been called Æthelstan, but this is only a surmise; Rolf is said to have had dealings with a King Æthelstan in England; he cannot have had dealings with Æthelstan the grandson of Alfred, he may have had dealings with Guthrum by his new name. Others again seem not so much to have formally changed their names as to have been called by a nickname which thoroughly supplanted their real names. All the world knows St. Francis, but according to one version his real name was Giovanni, and Francesco was merely a nickname expressing his knowledge of French; and in quite another line the baptismal name of the famous Bohemond is said to have been Mark. Bohemond, the story goes, was a mere nickname given him by his father, whose fancy was pleased with a story which he had heard about a giant Bohemond. So among women we have in our own history what looks at first sight exactly like a double Christian name in the case of Ælfgifu-Emma. But here again, though the two names are actually used together, Ælfgifu is simply the English name which the Norman Emma took on her marriage in England; and to make things square, Orderic, who seems to have been curious in these matters, distinctly tells us that Matilda, the wife of Henry the First, was baptized as an English Edith; her daughter again, the Empress Matilda, is also called by two or three names, Aaliz and the like, which seem to come from the Æthel root, and which some have thought to be rather titles than names.

We thus get a great number of cases in which the same person bears two names, though they are not actual cases of the double name; but they may very well have helped to suggest the idea of the double name, and it is possible that a few of them really may have been strictly double names. But however early the practice may have begun, it is quite certain that, in the first half of the seventeenth century, the practice was very common among kings and princes, but most uncommon among private Englishmen. If Anthony Ashley Cooper was not the very first—which without a good deal of searching it would be rash to affirm—he must certainly have been among the first, and his name gives one a specimen of our most fertile resource of double names in modern England. He was called Ashley as well as Anthony, to keep up the memory of his maternal grandfather. The fashion, now so common, of turning surnames into Christian names seems to have begun in the sixteenth century. Guilford Dudley must have been an early example, and when it began it was soon applied to women as well as to men, as is shown in the case, among others, of that Douglas Sheffield who played, or rather suffered, a part in the history of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. In this stage it supplanted the Christian name. In the next stage, that of Anthony Ashley, it was added to a real

Christian name; lastly comes the stage of which everybody can remember cases, in which a man's baptismal name is made up of two or three surnames, or, what we believe is thought the most high polite of all, a real *prænomen* with a *cognomen* stuck before it. Snooks Peter Tomkins would have sounded strange even in the days of Anthony Ashley Cooper; it seems just now to be the most correct type of all.

The question, like everything else belonging to the history of nomenclature, is quite worth working out. But it must be done warily. Any one whose mind has been once called to the subject will soon light in the course of his reading on cases bearing on any of the points on which we have started. But he who undertakes to dabble in parish registers or in manuscripts of any kind must make sure that he possesses both the needful qualifications—that of being able to read what the manuscript really says, and that of being able to understand its bearing when it is read.

NORWAY.

II.

RETURNING from high latitudes, the first important place that arrests us is Thronthjem, or Drontheim in the incorrect German spelling. It is one of the most interesting and ancient towns in Norway. It is the former capital, placed in the midst of the ancient seats of the Northmen, and there the King is still crowned. It stands on undulating ground, on the bank of one of the largest fjords, facing due north, in which direction the hills fade away into invisibility towards the head of the fjord; the sea is reached after a westward sail of thirty-five miles, passing through a channel which allows no violent wind or sea to enter. The hills are tolerably well wooded, and grass comes down to the water's edge. The little island of Munkholmen in front of the town is fortified for the protection of the docks and shipping; the city forms a noble semicircle as you approach it from the sea, and rises in terraces of bright and clean wooden houses, with its venerable cathedral behind, and is backed by ranges of wooded and grassy rounded hills. These enclose the rapid meandering river, whose mouth serves as a dock, and is flanked by large wooden houses for merchandise. The city consists of some half-dozen very wide streets parallel to the beach, crossed by others equally wide at right angles to them. The width of the streets is a remarkable feature in so old a city; those at Bergen are not half so broad. The older houses were all built of wood, generally of two stories, and handsome in size, with plenty of windows, which are almost always crammed inside with flowers in pots, as in most Norwegian towns. Those that are built now, however, either in the room of houses destroyed by fire, or on new foundations, are obliged to be constructed of brick or stone. There are some handsome shops, foremost among which is one for the sale of the characteristic products of the North—fur, sealakin, eider-down, &c., which can be bought more advantageously here than elsewhere in Norway. There is a theatre here, at which, at the end of last June, the people of Thronthjem had the privilege of hearing Italian opera, performed by the company of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, and in Swedish; the orchestra only was reduced to the simplest elements—the stringed quartet (the first violin being taken by a young lady, daughter of the master of the grammar-school), and a piano to put in all the rest. Though the Norwegians appear to have less spontaneous music in their temperament than the Swedes, they fully appreciate good music, and certainly enjoyed both the music and the fun of *Don Pasquale*. In no other place in the world in the same latitude could Italian opera be heard, unless Archangel is ever visited by a strolling company. Here, in the latitude of Hudson's Straits and Behring's Straits, with the whole of Hudson's Bay, Labrador, Yakutsk, the Ostjaks, Tobolsk, St. Petersburg, and Wasa south of them, the people of Thronthjem enjoy all the comforts of civilization—schools for the higher education, hospitals, a magnificent and ancient cathedral, and a theatre for drama, concerts, and occasionally operas.

The cathedral of St. Olaf deserves more attention than anything else in Thronthjem, because it is the only conspicuous object of really high antiquity. The dwelling-houses of wood have been so often burned or perished with decay that but few have an antiquated appearance. The cathedral was begun perhaps before the middle of the eleventh, or at latest in the second half of the twelfth, century. A well is shown at the east end of the church which is said to have sprung up on the spot where the royal saint was martyred, and thus determined the site of the future church. The church is of the usual cross form. The nave is long but much ruined, and deprived of its high-peaked roof; the western front is also much dilapidated, and the entrance through it blocked up; many interesting sculptures, including full-length statues, are preserved from this portion, which was the most elaborately decorated. The chief entrance is now through a porch in the north transept. The front of this transept and the apse are the best preserved of the oldest parts. There is a large square tower in the centre, evidently intended to be surmounted by a spire, but now cut short with a low penthouse roof and weathercock. The transepts and nave have high-peaked roofs. The apse is externally quite distinct from the choir, being octagonal in the clerestory, and surmounted by a pagoda and then a belfry; these are among the oldest parts. The church is built of grey-greenish soapstone, or rather, as Professor Forbes says, "of bluish grey chlorite schist,

having some resemblance to potstone, which appears to be easily fashioned and to harden on exposure." We consequently find here very admirable specimens of fantastic heads and figures, especially inside at the base of the arches or as capitals to the clustered columns. One group shows seven beautiful heads springing from one neck, the weight of this and its superincumbent arch being borne by a tough little old man with a finely-cut face, like an Atlas, or rather like one of the *doergs* or *trolls* of the North, for whom he was doubtless intended. There is a passage between the choir and the outer wall, with a whole series of chapels in the wall, which were only discovered when the work of restoration had begun. This work is going rapidly forward, and is here remarkably successful, as the peculiar stone of which the church is built suffers no change of colour from age, and consequently the newest pieces inserted by the restorers can with difficulty be distinguished from the oldest. The old plan is being rigidly followed as far as possible; but many parts of the original building had utterly gone, and here the restorer has had recourse to invention. He has followed the style of some part of the old church, but that is so composite that he might obtain results the most various. In his chief effort, a pile of Gothic arches and pillars which closes the east end of the choir, he has perhaps been too florid; one is reminded more of the French Gothic of Rouen and Orleans, than of Winchester and St. Magnus, Kirkwall, the churches which in most points are nearest to Thronthjem. Arches are found very nearly round, then wide and scarcely pointed, and then lancet arches; the latter, however, are few, and chiefly found in the later upper stories; and the former give the tone to the building. There are some flying buttresses, small and light. A chapter-house is attached to the north side of the choir. The cathedral is pleasantly surrounded by a graveyard planted with trees. About midsummer the graves are all strewn with flowers; those who cannot afford real flowers cut paper ones instead; and the walks are covered with green shoots of larch or pine, to keep off the evil spirits, they say.

It is unnecessary to speak of the various coast towns separately, there is so strong a family likeness between them. Their large warehouses, built into the water, and their dwelling-houses almost as near to it, piled up in some cases one above the other with the rising of the land, and all apparently newly and brilliantly painted, delight the eye at first, but are found to be much the same in every small port. Bergen is the only place of great importance. It is one of the most ancient cities, having been built in 1070, and one of the largest and most prosperous, being second only to Christiania. The streets are generally narrow, the houses irregularly yet not picturesquely built and placed, the shops sufficient for the supply of wants, but not attractive or elegant, and the pavement and gutters in all but the newest and widest streets villanous—which is especially intolerable here, where the frequent violent torrents of rain require especially capacious gutters to carry off the water. The town has been often burnt down, and so there are few buildings of any interest from antiquity or historical associations. The most interesting study—for it ought not to be degraded by being treated as a mere sight—is the Museum. The Scandinavian shines nowhere so much as in connexion with science and art. Whatever he undertakes on the field of learning he carries out with a thoroughness which leaves but little to be undone or supplemented. The spirit of Linnæus seems to float in the air. Thus in Bergen we find the Museum provided with a handsome and commodious building standing in its own grounds outside the town, and allowing ample room for almost any amount of increase. The Museum contains a collection of natural history, mainly of the Bergen district; and in this the fishes are naturally predominant. The collection of Norwegian antiquities, including Runic writing, prehistoric remains, such as kitchen-middens, &c., is more characteristic of the place, and is very fine. A scientific traveller might well be detained by the Museum many days; a traveller with good introductions might here enjoy good Norwegian society; but the ordinary traveller will find it far better to give his time to the beauties of the country than to those of the town—to the great fjords and the numerous fine glens at the head of them.

The chief fjords or inlets south of Thronthjem, which give so much beauty to the otherwise iron-bound coast, are, going from north to south, the Molde, Stor, Nord, Sogne, Hardanger, and Bukke fjords. They occupy depressions in the mountain chains, and prove by their general direction as well as by that of the streams which supply them, that the general course of the mountains is from east to west. The fjords introduce the fresh sea air far up the country, and where their banks are not precipitous the best cultivated land and the most charming homesteads are found, as on the Balestrand and Systrand on the Sognefjord. They provide an easy and safe communication far up the country, which is invaluable in so mountainous a region. Though squalls do occur, the navigation by small rowing boats is almost always safe, and in fine weather perfectly delightful; only the natives ought to be taught by foreigners, what they will never learn of themselves, to make their boats rather more comfortable with cushions, which are wanted in a six hours' row. Steamers ply everywhere once or twice a week; they are very well managed, and comfortable, though often very small. From Molde itself there is a justly praised view over the fjord to the fine mountains on the other side. As you sail up the Moldefjord, you come nearer and nearer to the mountains, and pass under hilly undulating banks of brilliant green, interspersed with woods of Scotch fir, Norwegian pine, birch, and perhaps a few other trees,

until at Naes the entrance of the Romsdal is reached, where the river Rauma pours its water into the fjord. The Romsdal has some of its finest features at its lower end. About four miles from the fjord the valley is contracted by two massive rocky mountains, the Romsdalshorn and the Trolltinder, into a gorge through which the river seethes and writhes. The full height of the Romsdalshorn is best appreciated from a distance; but its extreme boldness and steepness, which has caused it to be styled the Norwegian Matterhorn, and the gracefulness of its rocky sides, are best seen very near it, as from the farm of Ank, which since the publication of Lady Di Beauclerc's little book has become a regular English halting-place, with less of comfort than is found at many of the ordinary posting stations. From the highest point of the Romsdal the road descends into the Gudbrandsdal to Lillehammer and Christiania. Those who wish to keep to the western coast can turn westward into the valley of Vaage or Lom, descending by a very steep road through the forest to the beautiful inland lake called Vaagevand, and then rising by a rough road to the furthest post station of Rødsheim, where the road ceases, under the shadow of some of the highest mountains in Norway. Several interesting specimens of the wooden country churches are passed, three centuries or more old, and greatly blackened by age, containing inside very curious pieces of ancient carving about the pulpits and fonts, and adorned with rough pictures about the chancel, recalling the old German painting before Dürer. At Rødsheim riding and pack horses may be had for the passage of the Sognefjord westward to the head of the Lysterfjord, the innermost reach of the great Sognefjord. This pass takes about eighteen hours of continuous walking; it passes under Galdhøpiggen, said to be the highest mountain in Norway, about 8,500 feet, and close by the Horungtinder and Fanaraak, of about the same height, all sharp peaks of grand contour. In the beginning of July this year ten hours were spent in crossing the snow, which was deep and extensive. The descent on the western side is almost incredibly steep and very grand.

The Stor and Nord fjords are in parts very grand, especially the upper part of the former, leading to Hellesylt and Geiranger, which is a narrow gorge such as we afterwards meet in the Nærøfjord. But we pass over these in order to reach the Sognefjord, the grandest of all in every respect. Its form is that of a central trunk, east and west, with various limbs on each side. Its greatest length is about a hundred and twenty miles, and for the greater part of its length it has an average breadth of three miles. Its tributary fjords are generally flanked by mountains of extraordinary height and steepness, which send down endless waterfalls, descending sometimes nearly in one unbroken fall from the top into the fjord beneath, sometimes broken into spray, or divided into many cascades. Some of the best of these falls require no laborious excursion, but are visible from a boat, as on the Lyster, Aardal, and Nærø fjords, all tributary to the Sognefjord. On the south of the Sognefjord the Nærøfjord has on either side mountains of surpassing grandeur and almost perpendicular, so that there is no possible landing-place for many miles. At Gudvangen you merely exchange the steamer for a carriage, and ascend the Nærødal, with this difference only, that the bottom of the gorge is land instead of water; the mountains and the waterfalls are there all the same. But after a few miles the way in front is blocked by a huge massive rock, and the road, which can no longer find a way along the stream, is constrained to wind up the hillside in front to a higher level, by a series of zigzags like those of an Alpine pass, with two of the very finest cascades, one on each side. Thus after a good hour of severe climbing the upper level is reached, which introduces you into a charming and fertile region called Vos.

The Hardangerfjord has about as complicated a construction, with its many branches, as the Sogne. It appears to be more visited by tourists, and has many regions of surpassing beauty on its shores. Mr. John R. Campbell says:—"The Hardangerfjord has been praised to the skies, but I think the traveller will be disappointed with it after seeing others I have described. The mountains are high and charmingly wooded, but they have a poverty of outline—the tops are too flat." Admitting the general truth of this judgment, and regarding the Sognefjord as the centre of the finest fjord scenery in Norway, one may nevertheless feel delighted with the tender beauties of some parts of it. The long reach called the Sörfjord has a peculiar charm in the bright green pastures below, which sometimes run up into glens between the hills, in the wooded hills behind them, and in the perpetual snow of the Folgefond, which overtops all on the western side whenever a break in the lower hills allows it to be seen. And the station of Odde, at the head (the southern end) of this narrow fjord is a most eligible position for interesting walks and excursions, and withal a comfortable abode. From Odde an easy excursion may be made up a narrow mountain glen to the glacier at its head, the Buebræ, one of the corners of the great ice-field called the Folgefond. This glacier comes down quite into the valley, and almost touches the forests on the sides of the valley. Its ice has crevasses of the genuine deep blue tint, and there is little disfiguring moraine. More distant excursions lead to some of the finest waterfalls in Norway, and the lake above Odde is inexpressibly beautiful.

A word must be said of the character of the people. An Englishman nowhere feels so easily at home as in Norway. The people are so like English, particularly of the North country and the Scotch type, and their domestic ways are so like ours, that one sometimes forgets one is on foreign soil. And the sound of the language also is often extraordinarily like English, more so than

would be supposed from the orthography. Good temper and honesty are universal. It is greatly to be desired that foreign travellers would take the pains to ascertain what is the proper and allowed charge for horses, guides, boats, &c., and pay that and no more, and so preserve the honesty and self-respect of the people, instead of flinging their coins about haphazard, and gradually reducing the people among whom they travel to a set of cringing beggars and robbers. The Norwegians are as yet unspoiled; they always tell you the correct fare, and insist on shaking your hand for any little (entirely unexpected) addition which you may sometimes make on account of special services. But they are not perfect; the traveller's temper will often be tried by their slowness. No one must be in a hurry in Norway. At a roadside station, even cold refreshment which requires no preparation must not be expected under half an hour; and the change of carriage and horse, even when both are on the spot, involves about an equal delay. There is also a want of helpfulness to be noticed, which is not surprising in a country where there is so little social difference, and every one can pretty well "fash for hissel"; it is certainly not intentional disoblighness. This you observe when you drive up to a station and find that you are left to unloose your luggage from the one carriage and tie it on the other. Drunkenness is too common, and the traveller will be fortunate if he altogether escapes annoyance from it. The master of a post station is sometimes a drunkard, and the station is then an uncomfortable place to stop at, however praiseworthy may be the efforts of the wife and her girl (pige) to make things go smooth. As to the language—some intending travellers are bold to rashness in thinking that English will help them through anywhere, while others ask anxiously how they can possibly get on, and will French be of any use? The fact is, many do get on with English only, and none need be debarred from going by the want of Danish, or Norsk, as the Norwegians persist in calling their tongue (it differs in pronunciation very widely from Danish, but is written with the identical orthography). But much useful information may be gained, and serious mistakes as to the route be avoided, by the possession of a little of the language of the country. On the steamers, in the inns in the towns, and in many shops, English is understood, but not at the country posting stations, nor generally by boatmen on the fjords and inland lakes. English is more generally known than any other foreign language. Danish is a very simple language to learn, and to an Englishman remarkably sympathetic and agreeable to read. It gives him some new light as to the origin of our nation; for without finding an explanation, or better, a collateral form, for everything English, he will, if he is wise, find a *point d'appui* for a great deal, and a much more trustworthy one than High German, the nearest Teutonic language accessible to most persons. He will also find that language confirms the statements of history, and that the dialect of those parts of our island where the Danes or Northmen effected settlements has most in common with even the Dansk and Norsk of the present day.

THE CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS.

TO Professor Léon de Rosny belongs the honour of having founded the International Congress of Orientalists, the second session of which is to be brought to a close to-day in London. It is but natural that the interest felt in the languages, manners, and customs of Oriental countries should keep pace with the vast growth of late years in our trade with the East, and with the increased facilities of intercommunication. At a time when a message may be received in London from Kiachta some hours before the time of day when it left the Mongolian frontier, and when every morning brings us our news from Calcutta as regularly as we receive the latest change in the political world in Paris, it is not surprising that the study of Eastern languages should be rapidly becoming general; that in every University on the Continent the Oriental classes should be full to overflowing; and that even in the conservative head-quarters of learning in England professorial chairs for the encouragement of the study of Eastern languages should have been established. At the present time it may fairly be said that in every centre of learning either in England or on the Continent there is to be found a society of Orientalists; and when last year the proposal was made by M. de Rosny that an annually recurring Congress should be held for the discussion of the languages, arts, and sciences pertaining to the East, it was readily taken up. With the fortune, however, that very generally attends the origination of any new enterprise, the suggestion was at first looked upon with some suspicion, and the inaugural Session which was held in Paris in September of last year did not gain in all quarters the support it merited. The distinctive bent which the studies of M. de Rosny imparted to its meetings may possibly to some extent have accounted for this. The study of Japanese is new to Europe. It has been taken up with enthusiasm by a section of French scholars of whom M. de Rosny is the leader, but outside France, and we had almost said outside Paris, it has not as yet excited very much interest. When it was found, therefore, that the bill of fare which was offered to the world by the Committee consisted principally of questions relating to the Land of the Rising Sun, it missed some of the support which it would have received had the topics for discussion been more in keeping with the prevailing bent of Oriental studies in Europe. Nevertheless much that was new and valuable in the

subjects dwelt upon was first made generally known at the Congress of 1873, and to this the first volume of the Proceedings, which has just appeared, bears ample testimony.

By a vote taken in Paris it was determined that the next Congress should assemble in London, and on Monday last the second session was opened at the Royal Institution, under the presidency of Dr. Birch of the British Museum. Each succeeding day throughout the week the Sections have met to discuss questions relating to their various departments of linguistic or scientific studies; and, both as regards the numbers and composition of the audiences, and the matter laid before them, it is impossible to deny that the organizers of the proceedings have obtained a distinct success. Of course on such occasions a certain number of hobbyhorses are sure to be paraded, but when such names as those of Lepsius, Haug, Hunfalvy, Sayce, Brugsch Bey, Rawlinson, Weber, Max Müller, and others of equal weight are found among the contributors of papers, a little alloy in the great mass of very sterling metal is endurable. The utterances of such founders or developers of different branches of philological studies as those we have named, and of those associated with them, have an interest attaching to them that is sometimes wanting in the productions of students in the older families of scientific inquiry. Language has so recently been elevated into a science that among the present generation of scholars, and among those taking part in the Congress this week in London, are to be found many who are no mere followers in the wake of others, but who have themselves brought to light the hidden mysteries of ages by which we are able to look backwards over an interval of forty centuries into the early history of mankind. It was but the other day that the existence of the Sanskrit and Zend languages was first made known to the modern world, and the discoverers of the tablet of Canopus, by which the truth of the decipherment of the hieroglyphs has been proved beyond doubt, and of the Dali text which has led to the discovery of the old Cyprian language, are still among us. In fact, all the great discoveries made throughout the East, in India, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, which have thrown so much new light on the history of the ancient monarchies, religions, and languages of the Eastern world, are the triumphs of the present century. Between these exploits and many of the scholars whose names have figured prominently in the proceedings of the Congress the association is too obvious to need mention. As was to be expected, the recent discoveries of Mr. Smith at Kouyunjik attracted considerable attention, and formed a prominent feature in the addresses of the Presidents of the Congress and of the Semitic Section. As was remarked by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the lost history of early Babylon has thus been discovered, the primitive traditions which the Babylonians held, in common with the Hebrew colonists who migrated from Chaldea to Palestine, have been brought to light, the chronology of Western Asia has by means of Assyrian records been fixed, and a consistent and continuous account of the Assyrian Empire has for the first time been given. The discourse of M. Oppert at the Royal Institution on Tuesday, though marked by all the erudition and learning for which he is deservedly famed, was unfortunately so lengthy as to deprive the meeting of the opportunity of listening to the papers which were to have been read by Messrs. Sayce and Geldart. M. Oppert's theories on the three Prehistoric Inscriptions of Darius, and on the possibility of bringing the dates of Berosus into harmony with the Egyptian reckoning by means of the Sothic Period, are well known, and have, if we mistake not, been already made public in the Proceedings of the Ethnological Society of Paris. From them numerous scholars dissent, and the reply made by Professor Schrader at the conclusion of M. Oppert's harangue will probably give additional confidence to the dissentients.

By a more equal distribution of the time allotted to him, the President of the Turanian Section was able on Wednesday evening to give his audience the chance of making themselves acquainted with the results of Professor Hunfalvy's studies in the Turanian languages, the ingenious theories of Mr. Isaac Taylor on the relation of the Accadian and Etruscan, the discoveries of Mr. Edkins in the ancient forms of the Chinese language, and the conclusions drawn by Mr. Beal on the subject of the Buddhist literature of China from a studious and careful examination of the Chinese Buddhist books in the Library of the India Office. Professor Hunfalvy's remarks, which tended to show that the usually received belief in that entire want of genealogical affinity between the Turanian languages which is held to be one of their distinctive features is not to be readily accepted, and that the same genealogical method of study which has created the Aryan and Semitic linguistic science must be applied to the Turanian languages, are well worthy of attention; and it must be confessed that the numerous instances in support of his theory which he was able to adduce from Hungarian, Wogul, Ostiak, and Finnish, form an array of facts which cannot be disregarded. The subjects dealt with by Professor Max Müller, Haug, Weber, and others at the meeting of the Aryan Section were full of interest and gave rise to animated discussions. In the evening Brugsch Bey propounded before a full audience his theory of the route taken by the Children of Israel in leaving the land of their bondage. Discarding the generally accepted belief in the passage across the Red Sea, he holds that the evidence he is able to produce is sufficient to prove that a more northerly direction was taken by the fugitives, and that the charioteers of Pharaoh met in Lake Menzaleh the same fate which on a subsequent occasion overtook the army of Artaxerxes on the same spot. Friday

was given up to the archaeologists under the presidency of Mr. Grant Duff, and to-day a meeting of the Ethnological Section will bring the business part of the Congress to a close.

The success which has attended the meetings of the Congress has to a great extent been due to the support it has received from Governments abroad. From India, Egypt, Russia, Norway, and the various German States, scholars have been especially delegated to attend its sittings, and the result has been that an unusual number of men who have earned pre-eminence for themselves in their distinctive studies have taken part in the proceedings. The week has not been an idle one either in its immediate results or in the consequences which are likely to follow from it.

THE THORPE MASSACRE.

IT is possible that some new light may be thrown upon the cause of the terrible catastrophe at Thorpe by the inquiries of the Coroner and the Government Inspector; but, as the case stands, it is only too easy to see how the disaster happened. Two trains, running at a high rate of speed, were started straight at each other from different ends of a single line of railway, and the result was of course a horrible massacre. It is obvious that there is no room on a single line for a couple of trains going in opposite directions, and the question is, how it came to pass that on the part of the Great Eastern Railway between Norwich and Brundall two trains were thus fatally opposed to each other. It is said that it was owing to an order given in mistake by the night inspector at Norwich; and one of the most tragic parts of the story is perhaps the discovery by the railway officials, immediately after the trains had been started, that a collision was impending which they were utterly powerless to prevent. They could only helplessly await the tidings of slaughter which they knew to be almost inevitable. As it happened, the night was dark, and the trains met round a curve which prevented the drivers from seeing their danger or making any effort to avert it. There can be no doubt that a mistake was made by somebody, but on this point we must not anticipate the verdict of the jury. One thing, however, is perfectly clear, and that is that the Great Eastern Company is responsible for working its system in such a way as to make the commission of a blunder of this kind not only possible but probable.

In order to get a distinct idea of the circumstances of the case, it is necessary to begin at the beginning, and to look at the published time-tables of the Company. There we find that the 5 P.M. express from London is timed to reach Norwich at 9 o'clock. An interval of ten minutes is allowed for change of carriages, and at 9.10 another train takes on passengers for Yarmouth and Lowestoft. We also find that the night mail from Yarmouth and Lowestoft is set down as due at Brundall at 9.25 P.M. and at Norwich at 9.40. The express from Norwich does not stop at Brundall, but it ought to pass that station a few minutes before the mail to Norwich arrives there, in order to allow the latter to pass along the single line leading to Norwich. It should be mentioned that, while the line between Brundall and Norwich is single, there is a double line for some distance on the other side of Brundall. It is evident that the express from Norwich and the mail to Norwich come dangerously close upon one another in their use of the single line between Brundall and Norwich, and that it is only by the strictest punctuality, or by throwing over punctuality altogether and trusting to the discretion or indiscretion of officials, that a collision can be prevented. It will surprise no one to learn that the choice of the Great Eastern was not in favour of punctuality. The express being pretty regularly late in reaching Norwich from London is of course also late in passing Brundall. The consequence is that the mail has either to be detained at Brundall until the express has passed, or has to be sent on, out of its turn, so as to arrive at Norwich before the express starts from there. Thus we find that the time-table is treated by the Company as a mere fancy sketch which may be set aside at pleasure. In point of fact, whatever happens, the trains seldom keep their published times. Either the mail is detained for half an hour or so at Brundall, or the express from Norwich, on the other side, is half an hour late in starting. The rule is, we are told, that "if the London express reaches Norwich in time to send off the Yarmouth and Lowestoft train by 9.35"—that is, it should be observed, twenty-five minutes after the advertised hour of departure—"the mail train is kept waiting at Brundall." The result is of course that nobody can tell beforehand when either of these trains will run, and that it is left to the discretion of a busy and harassed official to decide each night what is to be done—that is to say, whether the express is to stop till the mail comes in, or whether the mail is to wait at Brundall till the express passes and leaves the road to Norwich clear.

What happened on Thursday week was this. The express from London, which should have been at Norwich, according to the time-table, at 9 P.M., did not arrive till 9.23—that is, within a minute or two of the time when it should have been passing Brundall. It was timed to leave Norwich at 9.10, but, in point of fact, did not leave till after 9.30. It was, as usual, a question of perplexity at Norwich whether the express should be sent on first, the mail being detained in a siding at Brundall, or whether the mail should be called up, and the express delayed until it arrived. Owing to some confusion or misunderstanding, which may yet be explained, a telegram was sent to Brundall for the mail to come

on, and then the express was despatched straight in its teeth. For this fatal blunder either the night inspector or some other official at Norwich is responsible; but who is responsible for the state of things under which this bewildering question had nightly to be considered and decided offhand amid the hurry and bustle of other business? Clearly the Directors of the Great Eastern Railway. The chief argument of the Railway Companies, when they are on their defence about accidents, is that human nature is fallible, and that, as they must rely on human beings for working their lines, mistakes are certain to be made in spite of every precaution that can possibly be taken. There can be no doubt that there is a certain amount of truth in this; but, at the same time, it furnishes the strongest possible reason for not trusting to human nature more than is absolutely necessary, and for adopting all reasonable precautions that can be thought of for protecting it against its own inherent weaknesses. It will be said, no doubt, that although it was every night an open question at Norwich whether one train or another should have the first use of the single line, yet the decision that one should have the preference necessarily implied that the other must be kept back. At the same time, when we consider that there was no fixed rule, that the mode of getting over the difficulty was constantly changing, that one night it was the mail and the next night the express which had to wait, and that there was perpetual unpunctuality and irregularity in all the arrangements, it is not perhaps very surprising that a busy official should once in a way lose his head. It happens that the staff system, which is in force on the other parts of the Great Eastern where there is only a single line, is not in force over this exceedingly important branch. Under this system, no train is allowed to proceed unless the driver can produce the brass staff which is the sign that he is for the time in possession of the line, or else a special order from the station-master who holds the staff. The staff system, like the block system, is infallible if it is adhered to. Only unfortunately it is not adhered to. It is played fast and loose with just as suits the convenience of the railway officials, and each succeeding accident invariably discloses the same fact—that all rules are little more than bits of paper to fling in the eyes of coroners' juries, and that, in reality, the officials are left to work the lines as best they can at their own discretion. The time-table is simply a deliberate sham published to delude the public; the working of trains constantly varies, so that now one train is before another and next day behind; and, what with vagrant goods and eccentric excursion trains, nobody has the faintest idea in what order trains are to follow each other, or when any particular train is to arrive or depart. It is all pure happy-go-lucky. In a general way, trains do somehow or other get to their destination without anybody being killed. The drivers keep a sharp look-out; station-masters and inspectors also do what they can to keep trains from rushing into each other, and, by dint of sheer good luck, passengers are usually deposited unharmed at the end of their journey, only shockingly behind time. All the while, however, things are managed in such a haphazard reckless way that at any moment a terrible catastrophe is within a hair's breadth of happening. It is owing only to a series of mysterious accidents that the collision at Thorpe did not happen long before.

It is certain that Railway Companies do not wish to kill their passengers if they can avoid it without putting themselves to too much trouble or expense, nor are railway officials careless according to ordinary standards of care. They are probably as careful as most business folk; but then their work, being a sort of work any slip in which may be attended with the most fearful consequences, demands not mere ordinary care, but especial care and caution, and this is where they fail. Were the result of an accident only a loss of time or money, nobody would mind a little risk; but it is different when life is at stake, and when a slight error may kill at a blow twenty or thirty people, at the same time maiming perhaps twice or thrice as many. The offences of the Great Eastern in this instance may be thus summed up. In the first place, it attempted to conduct with a single line a large amount of traffic which clearly required a double line. A considerable proportion of the revenue of the Company is derived from the summer traffic which passes through Norwich to and from Lowestoft and Yarmouth, and there is also a steady local traffic along this part of the system. Yet here we have a single line interposed at a critical point to delay and endanger the trains. It is true that a double line at this point is now nearly finished, but that is only an admission that it was wanted, and there can be no question that it ought to have been constructed long ago. Again, there is the neglect of the staff system, because the Company preferred its own convenience to the safety of its passengers. But, above all, the root of the mischief lies in the systematic dishonesty of Railway Companies—for in this respect the Great Eastern is no worse than any other—in deliberately publishing false time-bills, which not only mislead the public, but confuse and bewilder their own servants. It is impossible for the Companies to do what they promise to do, simply because the time-bills do not allow a sufficient margin for the obstructions and delays which almost invariably occur in the course of a journey of some hours. Every Railway Company is perfectly free to make out its time-tables as it pleases, and to allow such intervals as may seem necessary for running between one station and another. But when it has fixed its own times, it ought surely to be bound to adhere to them.

What the tables actually represent is only a sort of ideal of what might possibly be achieved under a combination of exceptionally fortunate circumstances, which, in practice, are tolerably certain never to be found combined. In the present instance, the Great Eastern Company undertook to run trains between Norwich, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth at times which, as must have been known beforehand, could not be adhered to except by a rare chance. As a rule, the trains, one way or other, were almost invariably late, and from this chronic irregularity sprang the confusion which caused the appalling slaughter at Thorpe. In a very able and thoroughly considered draft of a Bill for defining the law of homicide which was last Session considered by a Committee of the House of Commons there was a clause to the effect that "every person shall be presumed to intend and to know the natural and ordinary consequences of his acts, nor shall this presumption be rebutted only because it appears or is proved that at the time when the act was done the person who did it did not attend to or think of its nature or probable consequences, or that he hoped these consequences would not follow." It seems to us that the wording of this clause is peculiarly applicable to such conduct as that of the Great Eastern Directors in regard to the recent disaster. The "natural and ordinary consequence" of their way of working the single line between Brundall and Norwich was evidently to expose the passengers to the risk of being slaughtered, and it is no excuse for them to say that they "did not think of the probable consequences" of their recklessness and parsimony, or that they "hoped those consequences would not follow."

THE CHEAP ROUTES TO PARIS.

MOST people will agree in thinking that the most unpleasant parts of their foreign tour are the start and the finish. There is no royal road across the Channel, and we greatly fear that there never will be any unless the dream of a tunnel should become a reality. Although the sea may be in its calmest moods, it breaks the continuity of your journey all the same; and even after you have secured a comfortable seat at Charing Cross, you have no sense of security or confidence. If you are an indifferent sailor, you cast anxious glances at the smoke that curls upwards from the chimney-pots in Southwark; and you search out indications of the probable weather in everything, from the boughs and hop tendrils in Kent to the flags of the shipping at Folkestone or Dover. Even if all you see is reassuring, if the leaves are scarcely stirred by a tremor, if the bunting droops till its colours are undistinguishable, if the sea is glass and the sky unclouded turquoise, still there is inevitably excitement in store for you. The finer the day and the more settled the weather, the more numerous is the company of your fellow-pilgrims, and the wilder the rush for places on the steamer. Then, if you have previously passed hours of misery on that horrible middle passage as most people have done, there are disagreeable associations that act on the buoyancy of your spirits. There are certain abominable odours, happily seldom experienced out of steamers, which predispose the diaphragm to inconvenience from the faintest possible agitation. Even if the resolute spirit dominates the flesh and the nerves, and you feel that you are quite sure of your sea legs on the comparatively firm deck, still you are likely to fall a prey to the demon of *ennui* before you set foot on the opposite shore. Yachting may be among the most exhilarating of recreations when a man can intoxicate himself with inhaling the briny breezes, and when he has broken himself into dispensing with extraneous sources of excitement. But a short voyage on the sea bores one beyond anything one is compelled to submit to upon land. You have not time enough to make it worth while schooling yourself to a mood of resigned placidity, and you are only impatient to have the journey over. It is in vain you strive to find entertainment in reading. Even when the letters are not dancing beneath your dazzled eyes or the pages fluttered by the malicious breezes, your thoughts decline to obey your will, and obstinately refuse to concentrate themselves on your subject. Your eyes are straining at the cliffs in front, which seem to draw nearer to you with wearisome slowness, although in reality the steamer is cleaving the waves with a velocity that leaves nothing to complain of. As you near the coast at last, and even distinguish the faces of the people who are crowding on the pier-heads, you must get ready for another scramble and rush if you mean to carry out the rest of your journey in comfort. A scramble with the snugest corner for its prize loses its charm when you have attained to middle age; but there is no help for it, thanks to the economical administration of the French Railway Companies. If you are landed nowhere in the rush for places, you must content yourself with the seat left in the middle of a compartment that is overcrowded already. You have lost control over the windows, whatever the heat of the weather and however stuffy the carriages. You find the nets overhead overflowing with the baggage and the bundles of wraps of your foreign travelling companions, and, if you wish to keep clear of a quarrel, you must sit it out in constant apprehension of being buried under an impending avalanche. You are fortunate if you find room to extend your legs among portmanteaus, handboxes, hat-boxes, and birdcages. If you are a smoker you may search in vain for a compartment where you may indulge your taste without fear of objection, for, although nine Frenchmen smoke out of ten, the French authorities have made no arrangements about smoking carriages. And it is a dull journey at best from Calais or Boulogne, even with

every kind of distraction that can help to while away the time. Those broad stretches of wheat-fields may be beautiful enough on the canvas of artists of imagination like Jules Breton, but in their prosaic reality they are monotonously melancholy. If you must pay a good deal of money towards your fare, you get plenty of land-travelling in return for it; while the hours of the swift expresses are timed with a view to the posts rather than the passengers. It is bad enough to be awakened long before your usual hour in Belgravia or Bayswater that you may make your start from Charing Cross at 7.40. But it is worse still, in coming by night from the opposite direction, to have to hurry over your dinner in Paris that you may find yourself all abroad in London before another soul is thinking of stirring. Nor do you greatly better matters by breaking the journey at Dover and turning aside for a bed at the "Lord Warden," unless you are prepared to waste the following day. Just as you have at last succeeded in sinking into a slumber, you are disturbed by the boots thundering at the door to warn you that you must be getting ready for the only train that will land you in London by a reasonable hour.

Some of these inconveniences and objections are necessarily common to all the lines, but there are points in which the cheaper routes have decidedly the advantage, independently altogether of economical considerations. The land journey is materially shortened on the French side of the Channel, and moreover it is very much more attractive. The scenery in Normandy is as pretty as in any province of France that lies actually out of the mountains. From Dieppe or Havre to Rouen, from Rouen onwards by the rich valley of the Seine, you are moving through a rich and varied panorama of orchard and woodland, pasture and cultivated country. Farm-houses embowered in apple-trees show every symptom of picturesque comfort. Cliffs crowned with castles, churches, and country-seats look down upon the river winding beneath them. If you must spend a longer time on the road between London and Paris, you can make your arrangements beforehand to start at seasonable hours. No doubt in the height of the season there may be a disagreeable crush in the trains and the boats. But if you are travelling leisurely you may take time by the forelock, and anticipate the scurry in an earlier train. If, indeed, you consult the time-tables by Dieppe and Newhaven, you will see that that line is a lottery. One day the journey may be accomplished in reasonable time by starting at seasonable hours. The next day the delays in establishing connexion, as the Americans call it, are perverse to eccentricity. You may be hurried off from your comfortable hotel betimes, only to walk the quays on the Channel for hours while waiting for the tide and the departure of the steamer. One thing to be said, however, is that you know what you have to expect, and undertake the expedition with your eyes open. And by way of Havre the hours are invariable, though the sea passage is a long one, and, coming from Paris, nothing can be more easy than the journey when the weather is favourable and the days are long. The afternoon express takes you to Havre in four hours. At Havre you have some three hours on your hands, but you have the means of killing them very agreeably. We know few more picturesque dining places in Europe than the salon of glass in Frescati's Hotel and Restaurant, where they serve an exceedingly praiseworthy dinner at a very moderate fixed price. Immediately under its windows is the most frequented esplanade of the place, where fashionable female life in full costume is swimming about the bathing-machines. Beyond is the bay covered with fishing-boats and shipping of all sorts, while in the background you look across to the bright cluster of towns and watering-places that are glittering on the sweep of the opposite coast. After coffee and a cigar under the verandah, you stroll quietly down to the steamer, where you have taken the precaution of securing your sofa amidsthips beforehand. Sailing at 8.30, you may be guided as to your further proceedings by your internal feelings and the look of the weather. If it promises to be rough when you get out of the lee of the land and beyond the shadow of the lighthouses, you will act wisely in turning in at once, when you may hope to wake up in the Southampton Water. On the whole you may congratulate yourself that the passage is long enough to leave you a quiet night's rest, and at least the steamer is stable and capacious compared to those sharp, narrow vessels which perform the service on the shorter passage.

With so much to be said in their favour, and tempting as they are to the many persons who set more value on their shillings than on their time, it seems a pity that the managers of these cheaper routes should not show more enterprise and worldly wisdom. We do not ourselves hold them responsible for the fogs which sometimes lie so thick off the coasts, although they ought to be able to get rid of these if they pleased, were we to judge by the grumbling of belated passengers. But certainly in some ways they might make things on our side of the Channel smoother for their patrons. For example, we do not see why the luggage should be invariably examined at Southampton, at the risk of inflicting much inconvenience, unless it be that there is no room for providing Custom-house accommodation at the disgracefully overcrowded station at Waterloo. When you have made an average passage you have nothing to complain of. The examination is despatched quickly enough by civil officers, and it serves to fill up the time which remains at your disposal before the departure of the train for town. But should you arrive late after having had a rough time of it, your start may be delayed indefinitely. While you are kicking your heels in the Customs waiting-room, you hear the departing whistle of the train which you should have caught according to the promise of the Company's

time-tables. Too many travellers have had opportunities of familiarizing themselves with the slow torments of impatience and suspense, while hope is surviving still, though it only lingers in expiring agonies. The worst of it is that at that hour of the morning the best of the hotels still close their doors and keep the shutters up in their coffee-rooms. At Southampton, however, there are excellent hotels if you can manage to obtain admission to them. We only wish we could say as much for the rival starting-point of Newhaven. We believe the Railway Company has something, if not everything, to say to the management of the establishment there, and we can only explain its arrangements on the theory that the Directors desire to discourage all loitering on their wharfs, and wish to compel their passengers to travel by the trains that run in immediate correspondence with their steamers. The place may be ventilated occasionally after the despatch of a steamerful of new arrivals, but it is certain that you seem scarcely to have changed your atmosphere when you pass into its public room from the cabin of the steamer. It is the fault of its situation that the outlook in the muddy estuary of a tidal river is neither enlivening nor refreshing, especially at low tide. But at least the administration might offer an occasional change in the monotony of its stereotyped bill of fare. Come when you will, you know exactly what you may expect. Morning and night there is the familiar ham with the identical underdone ribs of beef. In the way of *entrées* you are offered the steak or chop, no bad things to satisfy a keen appetite after a sea voyage, if carefully cooked. Unfortunately, the Newhaven cooking contrasts painfully with the cutlets and *filets* you have left behind you at Paris or Dieppe. You are inclined to surmise that the dishes have reappeared again and again, only to be repeatedly rejected. The fish is often fresh and good, as it ought to be, though the range of choice may be limited. But the beverages are by no means of a quality to tempt the *bond fide* traveller into excess, and the Briton who on landing on his native shores has been looking forward to frothing draughts from brimming tankards is positively informed that he must content himself with ale in bottles. We have no wish to be hypercritical or exacting. When we select a route which is relatively cheap, we know what we may expect, and are prepared to put up with certain disadvantages. But then the drawbacks which we are disposed to submit to without grumbling are those which good management can do nothing to remove, or which could only be removed at a disproportionate outlay. We are not inclined to be long-suffering under small grievances, productive of great annoyance, which could very easily be remedied. We find it harder still to have patience when the men who could easily help us are foolishly blind to their own interest, the interests of the Companies and the comforts of the passengers being identical. We know that corporations are hard to move, nor have we much faith in the force of appeals to their intelligence. Perhaps in the course of another season the luxury of the vessels which are promised on the Calais line may do more to forward the little reforms we suggest than any remonstrances of the press or the public.

THE ST. LEGER.

IF all had gone well since the Derby, the contest for the last great three-year-old race of the season would have been the most eventful on record. There was not only the prospect of exactly that sort of struggle in which Yorkshiresmen especially delight—a struggle between a horse and a mare, between a Derby winner and an Oaks winner, between the North of England and the South—but also many of the remaining competitors had so distinguished themselves that the field for the Leger promised to be of exceptional quality. It is not often that the winners of the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the Grand Prix at Paris meet together after a rest, for most of them, of nearly three months, to decide their several claims to superiority. And in addition to these distinguished performers there were likely to be some useful animals, such as Seamp, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, and Feu d'Amour, who, as a two-year-old, showed superior form. Furthermore, the three-year-olds this year are undoubtedly of high class; and as all the best of them were engaged in the Doncaster race, it was confidently anticipated that the struggle on Wednesday last would be one of surpassing interest. All through the summer months the relative claims of George Frederick, the hero of the Derby, and of Apology, the heroine of the Oaks, have been eagerly discussed, and it is hardly necessary to say that both the horse and the mare had a strong body of enthusiastic champions. No horse could have won the Derby more easily than George Frederick; but then again no mare could have won the Oaks more easily than Apology. It became necessary therefore to examine the subsequent performances of the horses which finished behind the winners of the great Epsom races, and, looking at the question from this point of view, it must be admitted that George Frederick showed to far greater advantage than Apology. Apology beat nothing better in the Oaks than the non-staying Miss Toto and Lady Patricia and the jady Blancheleur; but in the Derby George Frederick ran away from such horses as Leolinus, Trent, and Atlantic, all of whom distinguished themselves not very long after. Leolinus won his engagements at Ascot in brilliant style, and Atlantic also showed excellent form at the Royal meeting, while Trent crossed the water ten days after the Derby, and carried off the Grand Prix most gallantly. But a stronger confirmation of the merits of the

Derby winner was furnished at York last month, when Trent gave 1 lb. to the Oaks winner and succeeded in beating her by a head. It is true that excuses were made for the mare, who was undoubtedly amiss, and that her friends had no fears as to her ability to take her revenge on Trent, whom she would meet at Doncaster on 4 lbs. better terms; but, though she might succeed in turning the tables on Trent, it did not seem possible that she could beat George Frederick, who gave Trent a stone beating in the Derby. It was said that Trent was one of the most improving horses in training; but then George Frederick might have improved just in the same proportion, and indeed the most flattering reports were circulated from time to time of the progress he was making. Much as we have always liked Apology, much as we have been impressed by the style in which she has won her engagements this season, and ready as we were to believe that she would be a 7 lbs. better mare at Doncaster than she was at York, we could not even then see how on public running she could beat George Frederick, for whom the St. Leger of 1874 looked an absolute certainty. Still we had no doubt that there would be a splendid fight between the pair, and that, though Apology might not be able to defeat the Derby winner, she would easily vanquish every other animal in the race. And it was in consequence of the idea that the race would resolve itself into a match between the horse and the mare, which would be desperately fought out to the last, that the largest assemblage ever remembered gathered together last Wednesday on the famous Town Moor.

A series of accidents, however, some of which happened weeks ago, culminated in a disaster which robbed the race of half its interest, and at one moment threatened to reduce it to insignificance. The fearfully hard state of the ground all through the summer must have caused immense trouble and anxiety to trainers, and the preparation of Leolinus, a heavy-framed horse, seems especially to have been hindered from this cause. Then Atlantic, who like most of the Thormanbys likes to hear the ground rattle under his feet, had the misfortune to break a blood-vessel just at the time when he had almost completed a most excellent preparation, and when it seemed that his owner had a fair chance of being recompensed for his Derby disappointment. Atlantic's injury was not serious, and he soon resumed work; but experience has shown that no dependence can be placed on a horse who has once broken a blood-vessel. He may recover and appear to be in first-rate condition; but in a long and strong-run race there will most probably be a recurrence of the mishap. Just at this time, too, there were rumours that some accident had happened to George Frederick; but the anxiety of his supporters was partially set at rest when the horse arrived safe and, to all appearances, well at Doncaster, where, to use the language of one of the sporting papers, his "debarcation"—quite a new word to express the removal of a horse from his horse-box—was effected under the personal superintendence of his owner. On Tuesday morning he galloped, as did most of the Leger horses, over the course, and certainly his appearance and style of going gained him more enemies than friends. Yet he maintained his position as first favourite with tolerable firmness, and not the faintest suspicion was excited in the minds of his friends of the blow that was soon to fall on them. But when people came down to their breakfasts on the morning of the Leger day, they were greeted with the astounding intelligence that George Frederick was scratched. The reason commonly assigned is that an eminent veterinary surgeon had declined to guarantee that the Derby winner could fulfil his Doncaster engagement without a risk of breaking down. We can only regret that this opinion was not expressed a week earlier, when it would have saved the trouble of bringing George Frederick to Doncaster, and establishing him in his quarters there with so much parade and ceremony. His withdrawal at the very last moment has produced a painful impression which will not soon be forgotten. People had hardly recovered from the shock of this thunderbolt when the news came that Apology had pulled up lame after an exercise canter early on Wednesday morning, and that, if not already struck out, she would be struck out in a few hours. This last blow fairly staggered the Yorkshiresmen, who, with George Frederick and Apology *hors de combat*, Atlantic a most broken reed to rest upon, and Leolinus only half trained, saw the prospects of their great race rapidly fading away. When the company assembled at the racecourse the greatest confusion and perplexity prevailed. One horse was favourite in one part of the enclosure, another in another; prices fluctuated in the most extraordinary manner; nobody seemed to know what was going to run and what was not; and though the mare's name was on every lip, her chance was regarded as hopeless, while many were convinced that she had been already struck out, and a notice to that effect was actually posted at one time in Tattersall's ring. There is no doubt that Apology either hit her leg or met with some accident on Wednesday morning, and those in attendance on her considered that she was lame. A telegram conveying the information and asking for instructions was despatched to her owner; but the well-known sportsman who races under the name of Mr. Launde replied that the mare was to run even if she had only three legs to run with, for all Lincolnshire—and he might have added half England beside—had backed her. And when her number appeared on the telegraph there was an audible expression of satisfaction from the enormous throng which had been waiting in anxious suspense to learn her fate. Of course, also, when Apology appeared in the paddock she was eagerly scrutinized, and the general verdict was that she was slightly lame. She walked very stiffly, and, we may add, went very short in the preliminary

canter. But, whatever the injury she had received was, it must have been of a trifling character; and as soon as she had got warm, and had fairly settled down to her work, she moved with all her wonted freedom.

There was abundant opportunity for looking at the thirteen competitors for the great race in the spacious paddock which is one of the peculiar attractions of Doncaster. Apology was of course the observed of all observers, and, as we have said, the prevailing opinion was that she walked lame. No fault, however, could be found with her condition, and she was perfectly cool and collected. Of Matthew Dawson's three, Leolinus was the most admired on account of his grand size and shape; but it was obvious that he was far from being thoroughly wound up. Atlantic and Trent, on the other hand, were in perfect condition, and the latter was perhaps the most muscular colt in the paddock. Few liked the common-looking angular Feu d'Amour; and Glenalmond, though wonderfully fit, looked a mere pony by the side of Leolinus. The outsiders attracted but little notice. Even Lady Patricia, who held quite a levée on the Oaks day in Epsom paddock, was neglected at Doncaster; and few troubled themselves to look at the remainder of the field, which comprised The Scamp, Blantyre, Boulet, Rostrevor, Sweet Violet, and Volturmo. After one false start, and a short delay, due principally to the impatience of Blantyre to be off, and the unwillingness of his stable companion Glenalmond to come up to his horses, the flag fell to a sufficiently good start. Blantyre and Boulet immediately jumped off with the lead, Atlantic, who pulled desperately, being their immediate attendant. Before half a mile had been traversed the dreaded accident happened to Lord Falmouth's horse, who was going splendidly and was brimful of running, and he was of course pulled up as soon as was practicable. Apology, who began very slowly, and whom her careful jockey never attempted to bustle, was the absolute last at the foot of the hill, and must have been quite six or eight lengths behind the leading horses. As they neared the Rifle Butts she improved her position by degrees, but Osborne did not fairly bring her to the front till they were in the bend before the straight. At that point Mr. Merry's pair were done with, and Apology, Leolinus, Trent, and Scamp came into the straight by themselves. Of this quartet Scamp, as might be expected, was the first to retire, and soon after Trent, though answering gamely to the calls made on him, was unable to cope with the more powerful stride of Leolinus and Apology. For a moment it seemed as if there would be a close fight for victory between Leolinus and Apology, but directly Osborne gave the mare a shake opposite the Stand she drew away from Sir R. Bulkeley's horse, and won—easily at last—by a length and a half. Trent was third, five lengths behind Leolinus; Scamp, as far from Trent, was fourth; and the remainder were widely scattered, the unfortunate Atlantic walking in with the crowd. The victory of the North country mare was received with the utmost fervour—the more sincere, perhaps, on account of the narrow escape she must have had in the morning, and the gallant manner in which she ran under a certain amount of disadvantage. Whether she would have succeeded in beating George Frederick, had he come to the post fit and well, is another matter. She only beat Leolinus by a length and a half, while in the Derby George Frederick beat him by six lengths. But it was always thought that the St. Leger course would suit Leolinus better than the Derby course, and the event proved that this idea was correct; for, though short of condition, he beat Trent last Wednesday much further than in the Derby. It is of course a matter for regret that the long expected match between the Derby and Oaks winners did not come off; but it is pleasant to think that the great Northern race has fallen this year to such a game, honest, wear-and-tear mare as Apology.

REVIEWS.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S POEMS.*

THE present edition includes, as a note at the beginning tells us, all the poetical writings of Mr. Robert Buchanan, with the exception of some which his maturer judgment does not approve, and with the addition of many which are now either printed or collected for the first time. Such an edition seems to afford a proper occasion for considering Mr. Buchanan's general characteristics as a poet, rather than for discussing anew the details of works, various in kind, which are brought together here, and of which the chief are already well known. When an artist sets forth fully and explicitly that theory of art which has governed his work, the statement is in one sense a help, and in another a hindrance, to such a general estimate. It is a help in so far as it supplies at least a definite standard by which attainment or defect may be measured; and because, when the worker's intention has been clearly seized, there is less danger of laying undue stress on mere faults of execution. It is a hindrance in so far as the reader is apt to take the writer's own ideal as absolute, and to pay less attention to those parts of his work, however intrinsically good, which do not happen specially to illustrate that ideal. The short essay "On Mystic Realism" which forms part of the appendix to Mr. Buchanan's

third volume is the writer's exposition of his own theory, and, for the appreciation of his writings, has both the advantage and the disadvantage just indicated. We shall endeavour to state this theory as concisely as we can; to suggest a few comments which it appears to invite; and to compare with it the actual achievement which it is designed to interpret and to justify.

Mr. Buchanan describes his poetry as "an attempt to combine two qualities which the modern mind is accustomed to regard apart—reality and mystery, earthliness and spirituality." That is, his poetry does not take for its subject-matter the remote, the exquisite, or what is commonly thought the sublime; its materials are the near and obvious facts of daily life; but the poet's insight discerns how these near and obvious facts are the expressions of great mysteries—such as the relation of the human body to the soul, and the relation of man to God. In Mr. Buchanan's own formula for his own faculty—"A dramatic situation, however undignified, however vulgar to the unimaginative, is made to intersect, through the medium of lyrical emotion, with the entire mystery of human life, and thus to appeal with more or less force to every heart that has felt the world." Here, then, we have the primary characteristic of Mr. Buchanan's art, and we see from what other classes of poetical artists he is chiefly to be distinguished in respect of subject-matter; first, from those who work upon the rarer forms of human experience; secondly, from those who busy themselves with re-creating or idealizing the past; thirdly, from those who seek a purely spiritual contemplation. And the principles which rule the art thus distinguished are found to be mainly three; that the poet must be disinterested—never losing the whole meaning of life in the attempt to depict a phase of it; that a fragmentary form of life is fit for treatment only when it can be spiritualized without a violation of natural truth; and that almost every human figure becomes idealized when account is taken of the background on which it moves. Turning from conception to what is rather a quality of execution, we find another difference of this art in the tone of that spiritual or "mystic" light which it throws over the common things that it touches. This light is not the quiet sunshine that ripples round the marble outlines of clear Greek fancies; not the grave forest-light in which the forms of Teutonic imagination move; but that light which is the peculiar emanation of the Celtic genius—weird, ghostly, "like the wan morning moon," a twilight which just suffices to show spectral shapes, a twilight haunted by indefinable suggestions of the terrible and the vast, able

To put the Celtic glamour over eyes
Much troubled by the garish light of day.

The art thus characterized is described by Mr. Buchanan as the "poetry of humanity," which, he says, is "newly dawning":—

To the preacher, to the poet, to the philosopher, the people must look more constantly than heretofore for guidance. Religion and science have their spheres defined for them; our singers are but learning to define theirs. Genius, as much as liberty, is the nation's birthright, and it misses its aim when it confines its ministrations to any section of the State. Poetic art has been tacitly regarded, like music and painting, as an accomplishment for the refined, and it has suffered immeasurably as an art from its ridiculous fetters. It has dealt with life in a fragmentary form, and with the least earnest and least picturesque phases of life.

It is singular to find a writer of to-day demanding for poetry, as something yet to be given, just such an emancipation as was demanded for it in Germany a hundred years ago—not, indeed, any longer in the spirit of the "Sturm und Drang" time, yet with a like impatience of certain alleged limitations and restraints which confine the appeal of poetry to the sharers of a special culture. In *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Bk. X.) Goethe tells how Herder brought him to know poetry from a new side, in another light than heretofore, and in one too that suited him better:—

The poetic art of the Hebrews, which he treated ingeniously after his predecessor Lowth—popular poetry, the traditions of which in Alsace he urged us to search after; and the oldest records existing as poetry, all bore witness that poetry in general was a gift to the world and to nations, and not the private inheritance of a few cultivated men.

Mr. Buchanan says that "few modern poets reach the deeper significance of their century," and names as the exceptions Mr. Robert Browning, Victor Hugo, Clough, and Whitman—adding, that Mrs. Browning gave a like promise. How far is this true? Is it true that a "poetry of humanity" is but newly born, and that the poets whom Mr. Buchanan does not name as having reached the deeper significance of their century have confined their ministrations to "a section of the State"? The first step in attempting an answer is to observe the precise meaning of the expression "poetry of humanity," as applied by Mr. Buchanan to his own poetry. It means a poetry which considers that special and familiar form of life with which it happens to be dealing, in relation to those mysteries which concern all mankind—whence we have come, what we are, whither we are going. Now it seems to us that Mr. Buchanan has overlooked a distinction. If all or most men were habitually and consciously occupied in asking "Whence have I come? What am I? Whither am I going?" then a poetry which made every subject, "however undignified," as Mr. Buchanan says, lead directly up to these problems might be fitly called, as distinguished from a poetry of special interests, the poetry of humanity. But until the time shall come of which Sir Archibald Alison loves to speak, when human nature shall be other than it now is, we venture to think that the real "poet of humanity," if any one is to be that proud title, will always be rather of the type of Shakespeare than of the type of Mr. Robert Buchanan. And if this surmise is not erroneous, it

* *The Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan.* 3 vols. Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

would follow that a poetry of humanity may be allowed to have stirred in poets of this century who, as far as Mr. Buchanan is concerned, suffer the penalty of having lived before Agamemnon. We appreciate Mr. Buchanan's power of language, which, in its Celtic suggestions of the awful and the immense, in its vagueness of splendour and passion, often reaches the effects of sublimity; we can feel the tenderness of his sympathy with the human destiny, and the pathos of his trust in that unseen beneficence of which his poetry, though it has been unjustly styled a philosophy of rebellion, is designed to be the reverential vindication; but we are compelled to regret that, with these gifts, he should make a claim to largeness which, being exclusive, proves him so far narrow, and should treat certain other forms of poetical art with an intolerance which it is the first merit of the culture that begets them to render impossible. Mr. Buchanan tells us that, while he is far from taking *humble* contemporary life to be the only legitimate material for a modern poet, yet he would "firmly" "indicate how exotic teachers have emasculated the flower of our schools and universities." He is, in fact, proud of being what he ironically terms a barbarian, but what we, after carefully considering the following passages, would with all respect prefer to term a Scotchman:—

A more elaborate person pauses next before the Mystic [that is, before Mr. Robert Buchanan]. The "man is in error," is his criticism; "he would fain prove himself an artist, but art deals only with things beautiful—with remote forms of nature, with the dreamy past, with antique turns of thought, with what is essentially exquisite in itself—and it has, moreover, a terminology quite at variance with ordinary speech. Man yearns to the unknown and illimitable, and demands distance in the subject of his art." And this other goes his way, grateful to God for Greece and Italy, and for Lessing and Winckelmann. Meantime the poor criticized Barbarian has not budged.

Again:—

The reticence of false culture steals over the lips of many who might instruct us deeply by their experience, who, if they do speak, are moved by the retrograde spirit of another civilization, and use the formal periods of an alien tongue. Why, in the name of our new gods, are we to be still bound by the fetters of Prometheus? We are, if not quite Celts, more Celts than Greeks, and, thank heaven, not altogether an intellectual nation. We have nothing in common with the Athenian civilization. . . . We are a modern people, slightly barbaric in matters of art; but our natures have a glow of emotion quite unknown to the spirit of Athenian inquiry.

When in another place Mr. Buchanan speaks of "statuesque woes and nude intellectualities moving on a background of antique landscape," it is obvious enough that he has in mind those "Poets of the Fleshly School" of whom we heard lately; and yet it is puzzling to think how he can have hit on so perfectly inappropriate a description of their work. We cannot help doubting whether Mr. Buchanan has learned to distinguish between the classicism of the eighteenth century and the classical element in the poetry of this. The classicism of the last century was Latin, and was essentially a conventionality handed on from the revival of letters. The classical poetry of this century has been Greek, and has been the product of that new insight into the spirit of the antique which Goethe caught from Winckelmann. *Atalanta in Calydon*, Mr. Rossetti's Sonnets, and the *Earthly Paradise* show this element of a living sympathy with the Greek spirit in forms which appeal to others besides those who labour under the misfortune described by Mr. Buchanan as "too elaborate a collegiate education." We notice that in defending—somewhat unnecessarily perhaps—the cause of a really modern poetry Mr. Buchanan says (iii. 324, note), "It is nonsense to point to Greek art, especially Greek sculpture, as 'universal' in the sense of non-nationality." Now we should be curious to know who has ever made so startling an observation as that Greek sculpture is universal in the sense of being non-national. Winckelmann defined the characteristics of Greek art as *Heiterkeit* and *Allgemeinheit*; but we did not know that any one had ever made the odd mistake of supposing that by his "generality" he meant immunity from a specially Greek character. He meant concentration into types—this concentration, with its twofold demand of intensity and of self-control, being just one of the things which are essentially and peculiarly Greek. Let any one read the parting between Hektor and Andromaché in the Sixth Book of the *Iliad*, and then the scene between Adam and Eve in the Ninth Book of *Paradise Lost*, and he will see how the Greek picture has this *Allgemeinheit* and the English has not. But the "Poets of the Fleshly School" ought to be too well versed in carnal controversy to need more of our feeble intercession with Mr. Robert Buchanan. Let us turn to the more grateful task of noticing some of those parts of his work in which his practice seems to us to be most worthy of his ideal. "The Book of Orm" may be called the representative poem of these three volumes. Its author has said that, intellectually, it is the personal keynote to all his work. The poem is Ossianic in its framework; it is Orm, a Celtic seer, who sings of the mysteries of human life and death, of man and God, of that veil which in the beginning the Creator drew over his face; of that shadow which, ever waiting on man, seems to sense a haunting phantasm, but is indeed the only unfading reality; of the sweet uses of Death, even in its most grievous shapes; of the strange tie between the body and the soul; of seeking after God; and of an ultimate pardon even for the utterly lost, coming upon the Celtic mind in the vision of a mystic faith. Full as is this poem of beauties, nothing in it, to our thinking, is better than the picture of "Earth, the Mother," watching her children in the primal years, as they gaze with an awe which she too feels on the veil which hides the face of God:—

Beautiful, beautiful she lay below,
The mighty Mother of humanity,

Turning her sightless eyeballs to the glow
Of light she could not see,
Feeling the happy warmth, and breathing slow
As if her thoughts were shining tranquilly.
Beautiful, beautiful the Mother lay,
Crowned with silver spray,
The greenness gathering hushfully around
The peace of her great heart, while on her breast
The wayward Waters, with a sweeping sound,
Were sobbing into rest.
For all day long her face shone merrily,
And at its smile the waves leapt mad and free;
But at the darkening of the Veil, she drew
The wild things to herself, and hushed their cries;
Then, stiller, dumber, search'd the deepening Blue
With passionate blind eyes;
And went the old life over in her thought,
Dreamily praying as her memory wrought
The dimly guessed at, never uttered tale,
While, over her dreaming,
Deepen'd the luminous,
Star-inwrought, beautiful
Folds of the wondrous Veil.

Perhaps nothing could bring out better the distinctive spirit of Mr. Buchanan's poetry than a comparison of this passage with the stanza in Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality*, beginning

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.

It is the contrast between the "homely nurse," bent in all kindness on drawing the thoughts of her foster-child away from glories which *she* has not known, and the mother who, like her child, but with older experience, is in the presence of a mystery which absorbs and baffles them both. It is probably inevitable in the "Celtic" treatment of such a subject that a certain tenuity of thought should make itself felt. The Celtic vision finds its proper atmosphere in a shadowy grandeur which can hardly be got without iteration; and, as cloud upon cloud of imagery rises, the mind begins to crave relief from the monotony of a single idea hinted in a succession of indistinct forms. As a whole, "The Book of Orm" is partly redeemed from this monotony by an expedient which is twice used, but with different degrees of success in the two cases. This device consists in making the seer silence his own murmur by imagining the reversal of that against which he murmurs. Men complain that a veil is drawn over the Divine Face; how then would they fare if the veil were withdrawn? The picture of all creatures arrested and astonished by the terrible fascination of the Face bared above them is drawn with a force which verges on the grotesque, borrowing as it does something of its vividness from a bold use of fantastic detail; thus:—

With the Face pursuing
I wandered onward,
Heart-sick, heart-sore,
And entered the fretted
Cathedral door;
And I found the people
Huddled together,
Hiding their faces
In shame and sin,
For thro' the painted
Cathedral windows
The Eyes of Wonder
Were looking in!

Again, men are grieved at the decay of the body; how then would they fare if decay were not? "The Dream of the World without Death" portrays a state of things in which there should be no visible dissolution, and in which death should mean simply instantaneous disappearance:—

One struck a brother fiercely, and he fell,
And faded in a darkness; and that other
Tore his hair, and was afraid, and could not perish.

Here Mr. Buchanan has made the mistake, as it seems to us, of elaborating a somewhat trivial fancy at excessive length. One instance of this vanishing is accumulated upon another, through nine pages, until Orm, though doubly privileged as a Celt and as a seer, begins to excite in the British bosom something of the feeling ascribed by the American story to the person who deprecated conundrums. The whole impression left on our mind by "The Book of Orm" is one of rhetorical and pathetic faculty employed in the brilliant, but diffuse, treatment of a theme too vague and unsubstantial to be matter for a poem on such a scale. The ingenuity of the variations becomes slightly fatiguing; and, when the novelty of the form has lost its first impressiveness, the intelligence, led to expect a philosophy, is disappointed to find only rather obvious reflections wrapped in a volume of imposing mist.

To our thinking, Mr. Buchanan's power of language and of emotion is seen at its best, not in the reveries of an abstract mysticism, but in those poems with a basis of historical or legendary fact to which he has given the form of drama, such as "Titan and Avatar" and "The Fool of Destiny"; and of these the first is the finest. "Titan and Avatar," readers of Mr. Buchanan will remember, means mankind and the first Napoleon. The nations, waiting in their weariness for the advent of a deliverer; the "deliverer" himself, conscious that he is deluding them, and haunted by the misgiving that he cannot delude them to the end; the final breaking of the spell, and the doom passed on the deceiver—all this is conceived with a grandeur, and executed with a sustained vigour, which prove that if Mr. Buchanan dreads the effacement of the Celt in the Greek, he yet cannot always divest himself of a perhaps unconscious kinship with Æschylus. The first poem of these volumes is called "The

Strange Country." It describes the sense of wonder and awe which all the things of earth awaken in the mystic, who feels himself like a being fallen from another planet:—

I hold my hand to my head, and stand
'Neath the air's blue arc;
I try to remember the mystical Land,
But all is dark.

If we could presume to offer any advice to Mr. Buchanan, it would be not to hold his hand to his head quite so much. He is undoubtedly a poet; and he is most so when he tries least hard to be a prophet.

COX'S CRUSADES.*

MR. COX has speedily followed up his large book by a small one on a portion of history far removed from that which was dealt with in the *History of Greece*. The present volume is a member of one of the many series of small histories which are now publishing, and which it is sometimes a little hard to distinguish one from another. That to which Mr. Cox's book belongs is called *Epochs of History*, and is edited by Mr. E. E. Morris. Mr. Morris is himself unknown to us, and his list of fellow-workers contains names great, small, and unknown. It is something, however, to have enlisted Mr. Samuel Gardiner, Dean Church, and Professor Stubbs. Mr. Gardiner takes the Thirty Years' War; Mr. Stubbs takes "The Early Plantagenets and their Relation to the History of Europe." In both these cases there is an obvious propriety in the choice of subject. In the latter the first of living historical scholars takes the history of the time in which he is yet stronger than in other times. It is not quite so clear why Mr. Cox should have done the Crusades. There is no obvious connexion between that piece of history and any earlier known work of his. It has rather too much the air of the dangerous notion that an able man and a good writer may safely set himself to write about anything. We are not sure that we do not see signs of this in Mr. Cox's book. Anything that he writes is sure to show power, be its immediate subject what it may; but we think that we can see signs of haste, signs of work done by one to whom work of other kinds was more familiar. Mr. Cox writes, as ever, well and vigorously; still he does not write as if he were so thoroughly at home in his subject as he doubtless would be were he dealing with any Greek matter. And he is not only not at home in his subject in this way, but also in another. No man can really do justice to any piece of history which he dislikes or despises. Now Mr. Cox certainly does not despise his subject, but it is plain that he rather dislikes it. No one would wish an historian of the Crusades to be blind to the mass of folly and crime in detail which marred one of the noblest enterprises that ever came into the heart of man. But Mr. Cox goes further than this. With his usual tendency to be righteous overmuch, he is so indignant at the bad side of the Crusades that he hardly lets the good side stand out, and he seems almost to take a pleasure in dwelling on the bad side and in making the whole story as black as he can. Now it is always instructive to show in what way the moral notions of any time or place fall short of an ideal standard of morality; but at the same time it is not fair to judge particular men and particular actions by such an ideal standard without any regard to the opinions and feelings of the time. We can never write history fairly if we do not make this kind of allowance. The man—and still more the multitude—whose conduct, however far it may be from an ideal standard, does not sin against the public opinion of his own time, is assuredly not justified by evil fashion and evil example, but he cannot be fairly put on the same level as those who sin against greater light. To take Lord Macaulay's illustration, Mrs. Brownrigg's treatment of her 'prentices was in itself a trifle compared with the act of the Roman who gave a whole school of gladiators to be slaughtered in the amphitheatre, yet it by no means follows that such a Roman was at all so morally depraved as Mrs. Brownrigg. We are as far as Mr. Cox can be from justifying the massacre wrought by the first Crusaders at the taking of Jerusalem, but it is easy to point to acts in other times of which it may be truly said that the crimes were in themselves less, but that it needed worse men to do them. This extreme severity of censure on the part of Mr. Cox is not only to our mind unfair, but it goes a long way to spoil the effect of the book as a work of art. We see in almost every page that he is not in harmony with the things and the men of whom he is writing. Above all, the sarcastic and sneering style in which Mr. Cox often indulges is quite out of place. He may have learned it from Gibbon; but in Gibbon it is, in a certain sense, in place. If not in character with the subject, it is at any rate in character with the man. Gibbon without his sneer would not be Gibbon at all. But then Gibbon does not write from the high moral elevation of Mr. Cox. We have called Mr. Cox righteous overmuch; no one would apply those words to Gibbon. The sarcastic passages do not harmonize comfortably with those in which Mr. Cox evidently thinks that he does well to be angry. His overflowing moral indignation not only, we think, warps his judgment; it hinders him from telling his tale with the free and hearty flow with which he would doubtless have told a tale where he was thoroughly in sympathy with the main object, however much he might have to censure in detail.

The latter parts of the book are on the whole the best, though

quite at the end we seem to see signs of hurry. Mr. Cox has here got out of the immediate crusading atmosphere. Those who most fully enter into the spirit of the genuine Crusades will have the least sympathy with that perversion of the crusading spirit which led men who were bound to deliver the Holy Land from the Infidel to turn aside and attack Christian cities like Zara and Constantinople. Here at least Mr. Cox certainly does well to be angry. He has here to deal, not with an enterprise noble in itself but disfigured by much of crime and folly in the way in which it was carried out, but with an enterprise altogether turned away from its original purpose to a purpose essentially evil. But even here we think Mr. Cox fails to do justice to a man in whom one is glad to see any good thing. The elder Simon of Montfort had set out on the Crusade; he turned away from it when, in defiance of their original vows, in defiance of Pope Innocent's entreaties and commands, the Crusaders turned aside to overthrow a Christian Empire. This throws some light on Simon's later doings in the Albigensian wars. A principality within the bounds of the Eastern Empire must have been as attractive as a principality on the Garonne; but, though Simon was capable of any amount of hardness of heart in a career which the crusading vow allowed, he was not capable, as those who sacked Zara and Constantinople were, of doing the like deeds when his crusading vow forbade them. But the account of this crusade or pseudo-crusade is about the best thing in Mr. Cox's book. He draws a good contrast between the state of things in Eastern and in Western Europe. The Eastern Empire, despotic and corrupt as it was, did still carry out the main ends of government better than the chaos of small principalities in the West with their endless private wars. The Byzantine despotism was, after all, a much nearer approach to a reign of law than the other. The picture is well drawn as far as it goes, but Mr. Cox seems to fail to see that the two systems were pointing in different directions. The Eastern system might be better at the moment, but it was not likely to mend; it had in it no elements of improvement such as the other had. And again in England, through the administrative reforms of the two Henrys, a system was growing up which, though it certainly was not shown in its best light just at the moment of the Frank conquest of Constantinople, was able to combine the Byzantine merits of unity and energy with national, local, and individual life. The picture of Frederick the Second is quite in Mr. Cox's line. And, as we should have expected, he does not fail to admire St. Louis, though perhaps less warmly than one might do who was more capable than Mr. Cox of varying his standard, and throwing himself into the position of men of other ages. Still in these latter parts of the work, and indeed in the earliest parts also, wherever in short he gets away from the Crusades themselves to the general history of Europe and of the world, he succeeds far better than when he is dealing with the details of enterprises into whose general spirit he seems unable to enter.

We have said that in several parts of the book we see signs of haste. We think that Mr. Cox should have stopped before he committed himself to the belief, against which Gibbon long ago whispered his doubts, that the Assizes of Jerusalem are a monument of the very first days of the Christian kingdom. They are no doubt the most systematic code of feudal jurisprudence, and a code of feudal jurisprudence would naturally be put into a systematic shape in the Eastern conquests of the Crusaders sooner than in Western Europe, because in the East feudal notions came in as something transplanted bodily, while everywhere else, even in England, they had more or less of their roots in earlier institutions. But it seems quite certain that the ideas and principles which we call feudal had not by the end of the eleventh century anywhere reached so perfect a form that they could have been transplanted to the East in such a shape as the Assizes show them. So again, Mr. Cox has a long passage about knighthood and chivalry, in which, as it seems to us, a good deal of the elegant folly of the days of Edward the Third is carried back into the more practical, if less polished, days of the first Crusade. And we are a little surprised to find Mr. Cox, of all men, enlarging in praise of the chivalrous virtue of courtesy. Courtesy, in the chivalrous sense, meant being wonderfully civil to knights and ladies, and as brutal as any one chose to all of lower degree. It was chivalry to look on like the Black Prince and see the massacre of helpless citizens who were not fighting against him, and to do courtesy to the knights who were. It is very likely that neither Harold nor William would have stopped to think of the courtesy, but then it is quite certain that neither of them would have ordered the massacre.

We must notice also, especially in what we suppose is designed as an educational book, that Mr. Cox is a little careless in his use of names and titles, both Christian and Mahometan. We had really thought that the days were past when any one with any claim to the name of scholar could have talked about "Emperors of Germany," and it is almost more strange when Mr. Cox calls the Fatimite rulers of Egypt indifferently "Caliphs" and "Sultans." Now the claims of the Fatimites to be Fatimites, and therefore to be Caliphs, was the ground of their whole position, and the very inferior and purely secular title of Sultan in no way marks their distinctive character. There are other blemishes of this kind, which might be removed by a little revision. But the general incapacity to throw himself into ways of looking at things other than his own, the incapacity to tolerate or even to understand an imperfect moral code, seems inherent in Mr. Cox's turn of mind. Against them we may set, as we set the Good Parliament against the massacre of Limoges, the many and great merits of his writings.

* *The Crusades*. By George W. Cox, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

CHAPPELL'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.*

MR. CHAPPELL is quite right in thinking that a new account of Greek music is a thing much needed. The cultivated modern, with his intense susceptibility to the manifold influences of tone, and with his intelligent admiration for the artistic feeling of the ancient Greeks, is naturally pained at finding that with respect to the art which most powerfully stirs his emotions his art-teachers appear to have been almost insensible. Though historians have confessed that Greek music is a dark subject, as yet not fully explored, they have for the most part confidently asserted that it bears no resemblance to our own art, compared with which it is meagre and crude.

Mr. Chappell thinks that these conclusions are erroneous, and he undertakes to upset the two principal assumptions on which the dissimilarity of antique and modern music rests—namely, (1) that the Greek scales, being wholly unrelated to our own, do not offer the material for melody according to modern conceptions; and (2) that the Greeks did not understand harmony—that is, the agreeable combination of different tones in simultaneous groups or chords. The explanation of these errors on the part of preceding historians may be found, says Mr. Chappell, in the extraordinary difficulties of the subject. First of all, a knowledge of Greek music has been handed down to us by Latin writers, such as Boethius, who, according to our author, by their misconceptions of the Greek terminology, had sadly confused the real nature of the subject. Historians of music—for example, Dr. Burney, against whom Mr. Chappell is especially severe—have been content to accept this indirect and obscure account of antique music, instead of seeking a more exact knowledge of the subject from Greek works themselves. Secondly, our author urges that a proper understanding of the affinity between Greek and modern music depends on a true conception of the natural basis of the art. Only when this is apprehended will the many superficial discrepancies between the two forms of musical art be adequately accounted for. Thus a real insight into the nature of Greek music presupposes a considerable amount of philological knowledge and scholarly industry, together with a familiarity with the physical side of music, a combination of qualities which one cannot reasonably look for in many minds. It should be noticed that Mr. Chappell, in reviewing the works of previous writers—such as Burney, Fétis, &c.—makes no mention of one of the ablest histories of ancient music—that of Ambros.

Mr. Chappell claims to unite both these indispensable qualifications. He does not, indeed, aspire to any special classical culture, and candidly speaks of a "dread of tripping" in translating from the Greek; yet he professes to have studied all the necessary authorities on the subject which he discusses. Further, he contends that in the work before us he has demonstrated the essential unity of the antique and modern systems by referring them both to the same natural basis.

With respect to the main part of the problem Mr. Chappell may be congratulated on having cleared up the pre-existing hazy conceptions of Greek musical art. His account of the Greek scales, that stumbling-block of historians, is by far the most intelligible that we have met with. The various forms of the diatonic scale, which are not differences of *mode* (like our minor and major), but simply differences of *key*, are shown to have a deep affinity to our minor mode. The difficulty on this supposition is to account for the strongly contrasted emotional characters attributed by the Greeks to the Dorian, Phrygian, and Lydian scales. Mr. Chappell makes a slight attempt to remove this difficulty by pointing out the differences of effect which accompany changes of pitch in singing:—

The Phrygian mode (more properly "scale") may well have sounded "enthusiastic" or "bacchic" if sung from the chest voice with tenor E as key-note. It would cause a great strain upon ordinary lungs; and as to the "mournful" and "plaintive" character attributed to the Lydian, it can but have been mainly, if not altogether, owing to the necessity of employing the head voice to squeeze out the high notes.

We confess that this explanation strikes us as being very unsatisfactory. Even our several modern keys of the same mode—though, as Mr. Chappell reminds us, they possess certain peculiarities of melodic relation, owing to our system of temperament—would hardly be described by the most imaginative lover of music by such clearly marked characteristics as are ascribed by the Greeks to their scales. Mr. Chappell is more successful in showing from Aristotle and other writers that the Greeks had a true feeling for tonality, or the supremacy of the key-note (*mésē*). Also he is able to show that the Chromatic and Enharmonic scales are not so far removed from a natural order of tones as they at first sight appear. He throws considerable light on the nature of these Greek scales by tracing their origin to the Egyptian system, of which he gives a very lucid account, availing himself of the researches of Wilkinson, Lepsius, and other Egyptologists. Mr. Chappell is often exceedingly happy in suggesting a simple explanation of some obscure passage in a Greek writer, as when, for example, he shows that Aristotle was justified by a physical fact in speaking of the lowest sound of an octave as the "antiphon" of the highest rather than *vice versa*, and of the low sound absorbing the "melos" of the high one. It is in these recognitions of natural musical phenomena in passages which have been a puzzle to commentators that we see the value of a full and minute

knowledge of the natural basis of music to one who desires to reconstruct an intelligible conception of the antique system.

With respect to the other great problem of Greek music, the existence of a harmony at all corresponding to our own, Mr. Chappell reasons with considerable force that by "symphonia" Greek writers meant a style of simultaneous consonance bearing a close relation to modern harmony. Plato, Aristotle, and Plutarch, together with Roman writers, are cited in support of this view. Some of the arguments employed by Mr. Chappell may appear a little hazardous, as, for instance, when he concludes that most of the strings of the Epigonion, a harp-like instrument with forty strings, "could only have been useful for harmony, as the voice would very rarely extend beyond fifteen notes." Now all that such a compass really proves is that the Greeks liked a wide variation of pitch in a pure octave accompaniment, not that they employed chords resembling our own. Yet, on the whole, Mr. Chappell's reasonings strike us as being conclusive with respect to the existence in Greek music of various kinds of harmony, and even of the contrast of harmony and discord. He offers his readers a curious verification of his theory by examples of Greek hymns actually harmonized in their proper Greek keys by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Of these hymns Burney had said that the "melodies are so little susceptible of harmony, that it would be even difficult to make a tolerable bass to any one of them." These hymns are interesting in another way as showing that with the Greeks the needs of a free musical rhythm had prevailed over the strict limitations of verse. The hymn to Calliope proves, says Mr. Chappell,

two points. First, that it was not indispensable that there should be but a single note to a syllable in Greek music, for here are several cases of two notes to one vowel. Secondly, that a long note might be given to a short vowel as well as to a long one, for "spondee" is marked over a short vowel.

Mr. Chappell insists on the need of a thorough acquaintance with the physical nature of musical sounds in one who undertakes to explain the intricate arrangements of Greek music. Accordingly he himself seeks to ground his theory of the Greek system on a natural basis, and this basis he finds in the series of harmonics belonging to every fundamental note of a string or a pipe. These harmonics correspond to vibrations through the half, third, quarter length, &c., of the string or the air-column of the pipe. All the natural intervals of an octave may be found, says our author, by stopping successively the half, third part, &c., of a string answering to the lowest and key-note, and by sounding the remainders, comparing each of the intervals with the sound of the whole length (pp. 194-195). Thus the true relations of melody and harmony are based on simple numerical proportions, and are as manifest to the eye as to the ear. From this Mr. Chappell reasons "that it was the design of the Creator that music should be the companion and the solace of man." He does not appear to hold that it is the actual presence of harmonics in the fundamental key-note which gives it its melodic relationship to any other note of the scale, but rather that the numerical ratio supplies the immediate ground of the affinity. He goes on to show that both the Greek and the modern scales correspond on the whole to "Nature's scale" as thus determined, though they deviate from it in certain particulars.

With respect to the natural basis of harmony, as distinguished from melody, Mr. Chappell occupies a rather curious position, since he seeks to unite the old and the new theories of the subject. Degrees of consonance depend conjointly on "the proportion that coincident vibrations bear to those which sound apart," and on the strength and influence of "the harmonic sounds which follow immediately after the notes of pipes, of strings, and of voices, and which thus serve to enrich their tones." Now it may be objected to this theory that since both these "sources of consonance" vary in precisely the same manner, it is obviously impossible to prove that both have any influence in producing the effect. Mr. Chappell is even less successful as a naturalist when, in addition to propounding a theory of musical relations of his own, he attempts to criticize that of so distinguished a physicist as Helmholtz. Mr. Chappell is persuaded that

the *Tonempfindungen* is a hasty book written under the pressure of manifold engagements, and that the amount of fame and popularity which has attended its production was not fully anticipated.

This is a sufficiently courageous assertion on the part of one who does not profess to be a *savant*. Mr. Chappell goes on to give an account of Helmholtz's theory which at once betrays to a student of the original that the expounder has but the scantiest knowledge of his subject. Mr. Chappell has misconceived, in quite an amusing manner, the meaning of the beats (*Schwebungen*), to the presence of which Helmholtz ascribes the painful effect of dissonance, and imagines that the Professor is really confounding these with the resultant tones which grow out of the coincident vibrations of certain related tones. Mr. Chappell attempts to meet the elaborate and amply verified reasonings of Helmholtz concerning the presence of upper tones in all rich notes by such a style of argument as the following:—

How is it possible that a string can divide itself by nodes into all these sounds simultaneously? If this theory be true, there can be no such thing as concord in music. We might as well play with our elbows upon the pianoforte and sound an octave of notes or more at once as lay the finger upon a particular key.

But even supposing that this assumption had anything besides Mr. Chappell's "necessity of thought" to repose on, how does it happen that the same confusion does not arise on Mr. Chappell's theory of harmonics, according to which they immediately follow,

* *The History of Music (Art and Science)*. Vol. I. From the earliest records to the fall of the Roman Empire. By W. Chappell, F.S.A. London: Chappell & Co. and Simpkin and Marshall. 1874.

instead of being simultaneous with, the fundamental note and one another? We feel bound to protest against what is clearly a hasty and unintelligent attack on a classical name in scientific literature. The worst of it is that Mr. Chappell gives a colour of accuracy to his account of the theory of Helmholtz by quoting the *ipsissima verba* of the author. But he does this in such a way as to mislead instead of guiding the reader. Thus he introduces a passage referring to the effects of beats without giving any kind of statement of what Helmholtz understands by a beat (p. 226). Mr. Chappell's work, as a history, written in a clear and popular style, of a highly obscure region of musical art, possesses very high merits, and we hope that in a future edition he will purge it of what will strike every truly scientific mind as something very like a pretentious display of scientific ignorance.

MASSON'S FRENCH DICTIONARY.*

THIS little Dictionary is in part a result of the modern desire for brief information easily accessible, and in part also a result of recent investigations into the history of the French language, conducted chiefly by M. Littré and others who have followed his method. Books of this kind can never replace the more complete works from which they are compiled, but they are very handy for immediate reference. The one before us is a good example of its class. M. Masson has put as much information into his Dictionary as could well be got into a book of that size, if it is to be legible. This is not a pocket-dictionary, not a *dictionnaire-diamant*, like those in various languages published by Mme. Baudry at the *Librairie Européenne*, nor is it, on the other hand, a dictionary for the library-shelf, like Mr. Tarver's. It can hardly be better defined than as a table-dictionary, a book which any student, whatever may be the degree of his advancement in the language, would do well to have on the table, close at hand, whilst he is reading. Every student knows the inconvenience of a big dictionary, although publishers do all they can to reduce it to a minimum. There is M. Littré's great work, for example, a magnificent possession for any one who really cares to study French; yet, in spite of the clear small type, it occupies four great quartos, and, to be used quite conveniently, requires a large table to itself. The mere physical difficulty of using such a book is enough to prevent, and continually does prevent, even an earnest student from having recourse to it as often as he ought, because such reference is too great an interruption to reading. "I will look it out in Littré," he thinks, and passes on, often forgetting to "look it out in Littré" after all; whereas M. Masson's handy volume may lie on the student's encumbered table, or the clerk's desk, and find a place in the tourist's carpet-bag, besides its utility to school-boys, whom it supplies as quickly as possible with the information which they are most likely to require. The publishers have arranged the printing with a good deal of judgment, so as to help rapidity of reference. Eight columns are visible at once, and the words are printed in very thick letters, an idea borrowed from French typography, and quite wisely when a clear distinction is of far greater consequence than elegance. By the use of this type the eye runs along the words until it finds the one it is in search of, without being confused by the explanations; indeed the words may be read at a distance from which the explanations are illegible. We are inclined to consider a dictionary of this kind as an encouragement to the use of dictionaries by students who have practically abandoned them, and in this sense M. Masson has rendered a service to the higher studies beyond what his more modest intentions may have contemplated. The truth is that no one is so liable as the very advanced student to neglect the dictionary unwisely. He is apt to neglect it both from indolence and from pride, and also from a more respectable motive than either of these—namely, because the reference is an interruption to the train of thought that he is pursuing whilst he reads. There is a good deal of affectation too amongst clever men about "reading without a dictionary." The simple truth is that nobody ever gets quite beyond the use of dictionaries. Even the most cultivated Frenchmen are themselves liable to forget details of considerable importance, such as the gender of a word that is little used, and sometimes, such is the frailty of the memory, even the spelling of words that are used more commonly. We may go still further and reasonably suppose that a man who had made a dictionary would find his own dictionary useful to himself, just as we all find our journals and account-books useful, although it is we ourselves who wrote them. The memory is never quite perfect enough to be entirely independent of such aids.

It is not without a good deal of ingenuity that M. Masson has packed his little Dictionary, like the Rob Roy canoe, with everything necessary to its voyage. It is in two parts, French-English and English-French. All words spelt alike in both languages are given in the English-French part only, and when the adverbs are formed regularly from the adjectives, they are not given, but the corresponding adjectives are prefixed with the sign *ll*. The etymologies of French words are given, and the parent words are translated where it has seemed necessary, that is, in most cases. The necessity for economizing space has, however, compelled the lexicographer to avoid the repetition of derivations, and often to leave the reader to hunt them up without a reference. For ex-

ample, take the word *débâcler*. There is no reference about derivation either for *débâclage*, or *débâcle*, or *débâcler*, and a young student would be the less likely to think of *bâcler* by itself since the sense of the prefix *dé* (equivalent to *dis* or *un* in English) is not explained at all, the only *dé* which is accounted for being the masculine substantive which means *thimble*. However, if the student is only persevering enough, he may find the etymology of *bâcler* up to a certain point, but not completely. M. Masson will tell him that the word comes from the Provençal *baclar*, to shut; but he does not add, what even his limited space would have easily permitted, that *baclar* in its turn comes from *baculus*, a stick, referring to the primitive method of bolting a door with a bar of wood; yet here, and only here, is the central idea of all the words that are so derived. And when once we have got hold of the stick, we perceive how naturally such a word would become applicable to the accidental shutting up of rivers and the forcing open by floods. For example, an immense quantity of fire-wood is floated down the rivers to Paris for the consumption of the capital, and the obstruction of the rivers by this might be accurately described by the verb *bâcler*, whilst the removal of the obstruction by a flood would be strictly a *débâcle*. The word has been naturally extended to floating ice upon rivers. Of course we are well aware that a long explanation was incompatible with M. Masson's purpose, however tempting or instructive; but we think that the *dé* ought to have been clearly, though briefly, explained once for all similar cases, whilst the derivation of *bâcler*, from *baculus*, is more important than its intermediary derivation from the Provençal verb *baclar*, to shut. *Fermer* means to shut also, but not in the same sense, since it comes from the Latin *firmare*, to fix. Thus a hedger who repairs a gap in a hedge with sticks shuts it in the sense of *bâcler*, and a joiner who screws down a coffin-lid shuts it in the sense of *fermer*. It is from this distinction that *bâcler* has come to bear its present commonly accepted sense of doing work roughly and hastily, just well enough to last for a time.

We are far from desiring to imply that M. Masson has upon the whole done less than might have been expected in the space. On the contrary, he has done more than might have been expected. His Dictionary is one of the most generally accurate hitherto published, and we have sought in vain through its pages for some faults that are frequent in works of the same class. And, in spite of the limited space at his disposal, the compiler has erred as frequently by redundancy as by insufficiency. For example, he gives the French words *destruction*, *ruine*, and *embarras*, as meanings of the English word *loss*. This is more than is necessary, and also a transgression of the limits of strict accuracy. The destruction of anything is usually a loss to some one, but not always; for example, the destruction of fire-wood for business purposes is destruction without loss, and scientific men are now very familiar with the idea of destruction without loss in the operations of nature. Loss is the separation from a possessor of one or more of his possessions without equivalent compensation, and this is perfectly implied in the French word *perte*. Destruction is nothing but the undoing of construction. For example, the work of preparing a dead animal for the table is quite strictly a work of destruction, yet the operation involves an increase rather than a diminution of value. So with anatomical preparations, they involve destruction, but add value to dead animal matter. The destruction of a building the site of which is more valuable without it, as for example the destruction of the buildings that used to occupy the Place du Carrousel, is an instance in which destruction is clearly distinguishable from loss. M. Masson might reply that in these cases there is always something that can be called loss, were it only loss of the original form or substance; but we think that loss is quite as clearly distinguishable from destruction as it is from construction itself, for it is difficult even to construct without incurring something of the nature of loss in the course of the process. We wonder too, that M. Masson, when translating the English word "loss" into different French equivalents, or supposed equivalents, should have omitted the useful French word *déperdition*, which really does mean loss. It would have been interesting to show the distinction between *perte* and *déperdition*, because this is just one of those rather rare cases in which French happens to be a richer language than English. We cannot express the distinction in two English words, but to convey the sense of *déperdition* are obliged to use an adjective. *Perte* is loss in the acute form, and *déperdition* is loss in the chronic or gradual form, as when strength ebbs away gradually in chronic diseases. Thus the foundering of a steamer causes a *perte* to an insurance company, whilst the slow drain of the Carlist war is a *déperdition* of strength for Spain.

The best way to test a dictionary is to observe how the lexicographer deals with the untranslatable words, and with the words in which there is a temptation to translate by sound, or according to the apparent meaning rather than the real one. We remember a French-English Dictionary that translated *gentil* by *genteel*, which is one of the most exquisitely perfect blunders that could be imagined even by the genius of a Thackeray. M. Masson gives *nice*, *pretty*. This is like Tarver, who gave *pretty*, *nice*. "Nice" comes rather near the meaning of *gentil*, but as "pretty" has an accurate French equivalent of its own (*joli*), it is rather a mistake to attach it to *gentil*. The distinction between them may be exemplified in the following phrase—*Elle est très-gentille, mais elle n'est pas jolie*. This means that the lady in question has attractive and prepossessing qualities distinct from prettiness. It seems curious that the dictionary-makers should not give *good* as one of the equi-

* A Compendious Dictionary of the French Language. By Gustave Masson, Assistant Master and Librarian, Harrow School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

valents of *gentil*. It often is so in the case of children. When a child promises to be good he does not say "*Je serai bien bon*," he says, "*Je serai bien gentil*." This is one of those words which can only be really understood by hearing them used by natives under all sorts of circumstances. Sometimes it means good-tempered—"Quel gentil caractère!" "What a good temper!" When applied to places it means cosy, snug, habitable, rather than pretty or beautiful.

When we try M. Masson's Dictionary with such a word as *cosu* we are slightly disappointed; not that his definition is very widely wrong, but it is not delicately accurate enough to convey the precise idea. He says *cosu* means "substantial, wealthy," and it is quite true that it is difficult for anybody to be *cosu* without wealth; but the word, as its etymology implies (it comes from *cosse*, a pod, like the pod of the pea), bears reference to the exterior of wealth, and not to its reality. To be *cosu* means to wear good cloth with a glossy surface, to have your carriage prettily painted and varnished, your electro-plate well covered with silver, your house thoroughly well appointed in its externals. The word originated most probably with the peasantry, and is never used in the society which really is "*cosu*" except in a spirit of pleasantry and facetiousness, when it is always accompanied by a laugh. Few words express so much in two syllables, and there is no one word in English which answers to *cosu* in any way, though there is a great deal more of the spirit which cultivates the *cosu* in England than in France. Rich people in England are "*podded*" to perfection, their pods being equipage, dress, and upholstery. M. Masson has done all that could be done with the untranslatable English word *shallow*, giving as French equivalents *peu profond*, (*fig.*) *superficiel*, *léger*, *futile*, (*pers.*) *faible d'esprit*, *borné*, *ot.* If anything, these definitions are even too numerous, and some of them get outside of the strict limitation of meaning in the original word, which is the common fault of too numerous equivalents. *Léger* does not mean shallow in the figurative sense, because *léger* refers to mobility of disposition, whilst *shallow* refers to acquired information. We know some Frenchmen who are very *légers* yet anything but shallow, and some Englishmen who are certainly quite guiltless of *légereté* yet as shallow as it is possible to be. An English gentleman is usually far more *léger* than the English farmer, yet his information is a good deal deeper. And why attempt to translate shallow by *faible d'esprit* and *borné*? A man may be shallow without deserving to be called weak-minded; we are all of us very shallow on subjects that we have not got to the bottom of. As for being *borné*, this fault is often a corrective of shallowness by giving concentration. Few men are more *bornés* than first-rate professional men. Turner's mind, for example, was remarkably *borné*, but it was not shallow; on the other hand, people who have no profession are generally not so *bornés*, but extremely liable to shallowness.

M. Masson has added a great deal to the value of his book by various tables, &c. These are "Chronological Tables of the History of French Literature from the Earliest Period to the Present Day"; "A List of the Principal Chronicles and Memoirs on the History of France from the days of Villehardouin to the Present Time"; "A Synoptical Table of the Principal Chansons de Geste composed in the Langue d'Oïl" (those printed being marked with a star); "A Synoptical Table of the French Mediæval Dialects"; "A Chronological List of the Principal French Newspapers published during the Revolution and the First Empire"; "A Concordance of the French Republican Calendar with the Gregorian"; "The French Republican Calendar"; "A Geographical Dictionary, containing the Names of Nations, Towns, Provinces, Rivers, Mountains, most commonly used, which are written differently in the two languages"; "A Dictionary of Proper Names belonging to Mythology and History of which the Spelling is Different in the Two Languages"; "A Dictionary of Christian Names, of which the Spelling differs in the Two Languages"; "A List of the Principal Diverging Derivations in the French Language." All these tables are compressed into the smallest possible space, and, on the whole, are admirably well done. We may suggest one or two slight improvements for a future edition. In the tables illustrating the history of French literature M. Masson tells us that in the second half of the seventeenth century a few writers were conspicuous for genius and vigour, and as examples he cites the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and others; then he says that the majority were specially remarkable for Regularity, Harmony, and Taste, and he cites, among other examples, Bossuet. We had always believed that if any writer of that time showed genius and vigour it was Bossuet, whilst he is certainly not particularly remarkable for regularity. In his desire to be complete M. Masson has sometimes introduced comparatively obscure names as representatives of literature. It seems strange that Guttinguer, Duclésieux, and Théodore Leclerc should be introduced as representatives in so condensed a catalogue as this, where there is only room for names of real importance; and who is Bartholmes? It does not seem to us to be even a French name, yet he appears as an historical writer under the Restoration; we frankly confess that we never heard of him before. The list of French newspapers published during the Revolution and the First Empire might, we think, advantageously give place to a list of the best contemporary French newspapers, those in which good French is written, and literary subjects treated; for anything that is worth remembering in the newspapers of the First Empire has been digested and put into a more readable form by the historians. The French Republican Calendar is of very little use when it gives the names of the days, which are not used even by historians, and are a mere curiosity. The table of French coins, measures, and

weights reduced to English money, measures, and weights, ought to have been accompanied by a converse table of English money, &c., reduced to French money, &c. If, however, we have indicated a few little defects in this useful volume, it has not been from any want of respect for the author's labours. He has evidently taken great pains to produce a convenient and useful book, and has quite succeeded in his design.

SIR AMIAS POULET'S LETTER-BOOKS.*

THESE interesting letters, many of which have been hitherto unknown, throw much light on that part of the captivity of Mary Stuart which was passed under the rigorous keeping of Sir Amias Poulet. They are parts of three separate letter-books containing the clerk's copies of letters written by Poulet from Tutbury, Chartley, and Fotheringhay. The greater number of these letters are addressed to Walsingham, to Burghley, and to Davison, and relate to Poulet's important charge; but there are a few others not of an official character. Amongst these we notice two letters to Sir John Perrot, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, whom Poulet seems to have looked on as a man like-minded with himself, and, like himself too, burdened with a service of "great toil and little thanks."

Of the letters in the first, the Tutbury letter-book, there are six addressed to Burghley, and two to Walsingham, which are now published for the first time. The subjects of the correspondence are the Keeper's difficulties in supplying the wants and demands of the "Scottish people" out of the very niggardly allowances that were made to him. These difficulties were increased by Mary's demand to be removed to some other house while her rooms at Tutbury were being repaired. Poulet, who found his own health better at Tutbury than it had been for some years before, was no way anxious to find another suitable house in the neighbourhood. There was some objection to every one that was thought of. Burton was too ruinous, Beadesdeser too unfurnished, in another the brewhouse was too small. At last Chartley was fixed upon, and to Chartley, a "place environed," according to his own account, "with naughty and corrupt waters," Poulet was obliged to remove.

From this "unhealthy house of Chartley" the contents of the second book were written. Here we find four letters to Walsingham which are not to be found among the State Papers. By this time Poulet was anxious and uneasy about the affairs of his other charge, the "little Isle of Jersey." He found as much difficulty in getting supplies for the defence of the island as he had in getting sufficient provisions for his two households at Chartley. Then he has to tell how he has put a stop to the giving of Maundy gifts to the poor by "this Queen," as was her wont at this season wherever she might chance to be. Her Keeper objects to this almsgiving on the ground that it may be made a means for secret correspondence, especially as the priest was the chief minister in the distribution. This priest was Du Préau. Poulet had a special dislike to him, and at last succeeded in having him sent away as a means of reducing the expenses of the household. His dislike could have had no other ground than a prejudice against his order, for we find Poulet himself saying that he was "of weak and slender judgment, and can give neither counsel nor advice worthy of a young scholar." Poulet found Du Préau at Tutbury when he arrived there. He then passed for the Queen's Reader, but though he was "apparelled in Court-like suit, a brooch in his hat, silver buttons, his garments of all colours," yet from being heard to read in the "Latin language" twice daily he was found out to be nothing better than a "massing priest." Indeed he soon got so bold that he ventured to celebrate marriages and baptisms, whereat the Puritan Keeper grumbled greatly.

The third and last of the letter-books is by far the most interesting, not only from the events which happened during the time to which it relates, but because we find in it most of the letters that are now made known for the first time. It is to be regretted that none among them gives an account of the trial and death of the Queen, but we learn from them as much of the intrigues carried on by Poulet and Walsingham as it was prudent to trust to the copying clerk. The first letter in this book is a mere scrap of four lines addressed to Queen Elizabeth, and the last breaks off abruptly in the middle of a remonstrance addressed to Davison, for keeping him, Poulet, so much in the dark. Two months had passed without any news at all, though in that time he had written many letters. This third book contains five letters to Burghley, of which one only is in the British Museum, five to Sir Francis Walsingham, two of which are in the Record Office, and nine complete letters with part of a tenth to Secretary Davison, all hitherto unknown and of much interest. These letters help to fill up the blanks in the series in the State Papers. As the book goes on it is evident that Poulet gets more and more weary of his disagreeable charge. His eagerness for the death of the Queen of Scots increases. This arose partly from personal dislike, and partly, no doubt, from dread lest a sudden turn of fortune's wheel might change his prisoner into his sovereign. In that case the reward he had to expect for the strict discharge of his duty as Keeper would have been anything but an enviable one, notwithstanding that he

* The Letter-Books of Sir Amias Poulet, Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots. Edited by John Morris, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1874.

was "very curious and precise to be warranted in all his proceedings." He becomes uneasy at the long silence of the Secretaries, whereby "he could almost fear Fotheringhay were forgotten," and urges every reason he can think of for hastening the speedy execution of the sentence. In one letter we find that her Majesty's subjects cannot "sleep soundly until the head and seed-plot of all practices and conspiracies tending to the imminent subversion of Prince, realm, and people be utterly extirpated." In writing to Leicester he says that he hopes to see him at Court shortly, "whereof I have the greater hope because the felicity of Queen and country consisteth especially, next after God, in the sacrifice of justice to be duly executed on this lady my charge, the root and well-spring of all our calamities." Then he tries to play on Elizabeth's love of money, of which he had himself such bitter experience, and says that for "the charges of this family," now greatly increased, "there is no other remedy than by a gaol delivery." He cunningly wishes "that her Majesty's charges herein might be lessened, whereof I see no reasonable mean unless the cause were removed." As he finds that even this appeal to her Majesty's purse did not bring about the end as quickly as he wished, he grows anxious for Elizabeth's personal safety in the "time of Christmas now at hand, which giveth occasion of many dangerous assemblies." He is "willing to take the advantage of great and urgent occasion to further this expected sacrifice acceptable to God and man," and therefore takes it upon himself to delay the despatch of Mary's letter to Elizabeth lest it might lead to the recall of any warrant issued for the execution before Christmas. But Christmas passed and still no warrant came, and in January he writes to Walsingham, "The delay is fearful; God send it a good and happy issue." A little later he finds it a matter of duty to "sigh and groan under this fearful delay," and to fear "lest the old proverb be verified to our utter destruction which saith 'That so often goeth the pot to the water till at last it comes home broken.'" Again, we find him writing to his well-matched friend Sir John Perrot that "our fearful delays threaten ruin to Prince and country." Finally, when letting Davison know how the rumour which had been spread of Mary's escape had got abroad, and how the hue and cry was raised for the Queen of Scots, he says, "Every day bringeth forth his new mischief, whereof in reason and judgment there will be no end until the cause be removed, and that the wrath of God be appeased by the sweet-smelling sacrifice of justice executed upon this lady, whose life threateneth ruin both to Prince and people." A few days later he writes of his resolve not to "lose this lady, my charge, without the loss of my life, neither shall it be possible for any force to take her out of my hands alive." In the middle of the next letter the third book ends abruptly, but the editor has added to it the well-known letters that passed between Poulet and the Secretaries touching the proposed assassination. Poulet was not scoundrel enough to take the hint they gave him as to the best way of getting rid of his irksome charge, but he was too wary to "make heretics" of the letters, as Davison enjoined. He kept them to give to Davison when he should come up to London. When that time came Davison was in the Tower. The originals were doubtless "made heretics of," but Poulet left copies to vindicate his own reputation with his family. The volume ends with a short account of the death-scene at Fotheringhay and of the funeral at Peterborough, to which is added a brief notice of the fortunes of Mary's Keeper till his death, eighteen months after that of his prisoner.

In his account of the execution Mr. Morris takes care to point out how largely Mr. Froude has drawn on his imagination, and how little he has allowed himself to be embarrassed by facts in his account of Mary's last moments. He mars the striking effect of the final tableau by taking off the "blood-red" costume in which Mr. Froude has draped his principal figure. The dress which was actually worn by Mary on the last day of her life was a dark red-brown velvet skirt, with a bodice of black satin. It is described in the inventory of her wardrobe, taken the June before her death, as "Une juppe de velloux cramoisy brun, bandée de pasement noir doublée de taffetas de couleur brune," but it is not to be found in the February inventory. "As it happens," adds Mr. Morris, "if she had wished to be 'blood-red' she might have been so, for in the wardrobe there was 'satin figuré incarnat,' 'escarlate,' and satin 'incarnate.' These are found both in the June and February inventories." Mr. Froude has been led astray by trusting to the "Vray Rapport" as to the testimony of one of the attendants of the Queen. But it must have been written by some one who was not even acquainted with the names of the Queen's attendants, as he declares them to have been Frenchwomen. Possibly from this authority Mr. Froude learned that Barbara Mowbray bound Mary's eyes with a handkerchief. He is mistaken. This last service was rendered by Jane Kennedy.

But it is not only in his account of the death of the Queen of Scots that Mr. Morris finds it needful to correct Mr. Froude's errors. Throughout the whole book he exposes Mr. Froude's singular mistakes as to facts connected with the last year of Mary Stuart's life. We give the words of the editor himself:—

It happens certainly that the narrative of a popular writer has been very frequently placed in juxtaposition with the sources of information as to facts, fidelity to which constitutes the difference between a history and a romance. The examination of Mr. Froude's historical inaccuracy has, however, been carried no further than strictly belonged to the work in hand. Unhappily a single chapter of that gentleman's *History of England* has sufficed to furnish a number of unfounded statements, the parallel of which it would be difficult to find in any one claiming to occupy the judicial position of a historian.

Perhaps the most flagrant of these "unfounded statements" are those which relate to the treachery of Gifford. In the first place, Mr. Froude ascribes to Gifford a "Jesuit training." This blunder Mr. Morris charitably excuses on the ground that "all through Mr. Froude's 'History' he habitually styles Jesuits those who never had anything in the world to do with the Society of which St. Ignatius Loyola was the founder." He also asserts that Gifford was in no way connected with Walsingham until the late spring or early summer of 1585. But Blackwood tells that two years earlier Gifford had been acting as Walsingham's spy at Rheims. Again, by way of clearing Walsingham, Mr. Froude tries to make out that Gifford was not "more than partially, accidentally, and externally connected with either Babington or his accomplices." Mr. Morris charges Mr. Froude with having, in quoting Mendoza's letter to Philip, "from first to last substituted Ballard's name for that of Gifford in the original." Mr. Morris further says:—"The manner in which the plot was carried out by Gifford and Philip is related by Mr. Froude with an inaccuracy that is truly remarkable." The letters, according to Mr. Froude, were passed on by a chain of Catholic country gentlemen to the Jesuit agency in London. Now, as a matter of fact, the letters passed through the hands of Gifford's own accomplices, and as for the Jesuit agency, it is "Mr. Froude's own fabrication." During the greater part of the time that the correspondence was carried on, there was, as Mr. Morris points out, but one Jesuit priest in England. As this priest was laid hands on before Ballard, if he had had any part in the plot, he would most certainly have been tried with the other conspirators.

The "Letter Books" are preceded by a preface containing extracts from Poulet's official correspondence during his embassy to Paris. These extracts let out enough of his dealings while in France to explain why the Queen should go to the West of England to "pick out Poulet" as a fit and proper person to act as Keeper of her troublesome Popish prisoner. No one can read the letters without seeing how Puritan prejudices had taken possession of him and had stifled all merely human instincts. The very presence of a Papist under the same roof was hateful to him. Everything that she could say or do was sinful in his eyes, and it was one of his constant grievances that he could not lay hands on a certain "box full of abominable trash, as beads of all sorts, pictures in silk of all sorts, with some Agnus Dei," and on some "pictures in paper of the Passion of Christ, and of other like stuff fastened upon the hangings over the chimneys." His life indeed does not seem to have been much more tolerable than that of his prisoner. In addition to the torments of the gout, from which he seems seldom to have been free, he had to endure the "cavilling" and "ill-favoured speeches" and "unreasonableness wherein is no measure" of this "Scottish family." His repeated assurances that his prisoner should not escape alive out of his hands make us almost wonder that he steadily declined to take the hints he received as to the best means of getting rid of a charge that had become so hateful to him.

Mr. Morris deserves the thanks of those students of history who prefer plain facts to picturesque fiction for publishing these very important letters. In editing them he has done his work with great exactness and impartiality. The remarks by which the letters are connected contain merely such explanations as are needful to make the story intelligible to such of his readers as are not historical students. With the same intention he has published the English letters with modern spelling. This is, we think, ill judged, as it tends to render his work less useful as a book of reference; and, after all, the difference between the original and the modern spelling is not enough to make the meaning at all obscure to a reader of ordinary intelligence.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S, CANTERBURY.*

A WHOLE generation has passed away since the ruined and deserted remains of this famous Benedictine house were rescued from their degradation, and were dedicated afresh to a pious purpose—a purpose of unquestionable present usefulness, and one more in harmony with the sentiments and convictions of our own age than that of the original foundation. It was indeed a happy thought that found a home for the first Missionary College of the Church of England on the very site, and amidst the associations and actual remains, of a building whose name reminds us of all that England owes to the great missionary who was at any rate the second founder of the Christian Church in this land. We have fallen in with a little book, privately printed and not published, in which Dr. Bailey, the Warden of St. Augustine's, has brought together the records and annals of the first quarter-century of the life of the new foundation. The volume does not invite criticism; and we will only say about it that it strikes us that some succinct account of the history and object of the older St. Augustine's would have added value and interest to the book, and would have been useful for the students of the present College. Scarcely enough perhaps is made of the older *genius loci*. Dr. Bailey's book takes the form of a letter addressed to the late students of the house. It is meant, of course, to excite and foment a strong *esprit de corps* in the community. This accounts for, and justifies, a certain

* *Twenty-five Years at St. Augustine's College: a Letter to Late Students.* By Henry Bailey, D.D., Warden of St. Augustine's, and Honorary Canon of Canterbury. (Privately Printed.)

paternal prolixity in narrating the uneventful domestic annals of the new foundation. We feel sure that this record ought to take a more permanent form for the benefit of future students of the college, and of all who take an interest in its welfare. We hope that Dr. Bailey may be induced to rewrite in a condensed form the volume before us for publication, in which case some account of the older St. Augustine's, and some plans and views of the former religious house, as well as of the modern College, would be acceptable.

The number of those who knew St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in the days of its desecration is now rapidly diminishing. But few travellers or tourists who had any taste for archaeology or history visited Canterbury thirty or forty years ago without seeking the ruins of the famous monastery where so many Archbishops had been buried. Little enough remained. A beautiful gateway, the west end of a chapel, and some buildings supposed to have belonged to the Prior's lodgings, were nearly all. They were used as a brewery and common public-house. The gateway itself was the brewery, the great room being the vat, which had been also used as a cockpit. The court was a bowling-green; and a five-court had been made against the ruined north wall of the old abbey church. This part of the ancient site was offered for sale; and it was bought in the summer of 1844 by Mr. Beresford Hope, in order to rescue it from further desecration. Meanwhile, as Dr. Bailey elaborately records, in what he calls, by a pleasant pedantry, the *Origines Collegii*, a scheme for providing a suitable education for the missionaries of the Church of England had been maturing in many minds; notably in those of Mr. Edward Coleridge, an Eton Tutor, and now Rector of Maple-Durham, and of Bishop Broughton, the first Bishop of Australia. Ultimately, after the rejection of several suggested sites for the proposed College, it was determined that for many reasons it would be best to plant it in Canterbury. The ruins acquired by Mr. Beresford Hope, together with other adjacent premises also forming part of the ancient precincts of the Benedictine Abbey, which were subsequently purchased by him, were offered by him as a local habitation for the new foundation, which Mr. Edward Coleridge had with singular energy been developing through many difficulties. Funds were raised by a general subscription for the new buildings. The work of restoration and reconstruction was entrusted to Mr. Butterfield; and on St. Peter's Day, 1848, the new College was opened, and its chapel consecrated, by Archbishop Sumner, the Warden and Fellows having been endowed with corporate privileges by Royal Charter. The first Warden, Dr. W. H. Coleridge, former Bishop of Barbadoes, died in the following year, and Dr. Bailey was chosen as his successor.

The following extracts from a letter of the donor of the site to his colleague Mr. Edward Coleridge, dated January 27, 1845, give a good idea of the adaptations and enlargements which the architect found necessary in converting the ruins into a modern College:—

I shall ask to buy another portion of the precincts, for we propose adding to the great Gate for the Lodgings of the Head. To the right is an old building which will be fitted up for public rooms. Beyond this a Hall, of which the upper story with its large massive open roof and Gothic windows (of which, though they be now perished, we have in old prints indications from which they may now be restored—this part of the building was a public-house) will be the Library, and the lower story *Lectoria*. Beyond this is the Chapel—an old one, of which there were many remains, especially of the west front, of exquisite beauty, restored and of necessity lengthened. . . . On the side of the quadrangle will be the Refectory. . . . These two masses of buildings will be joined on one side by the domestic buildings, and on the other side by buildings or a cloister.

These first thoughts, however, give little notion of the great beauty of the actual quadrangle now in existence, and its group of cleverly restored gateway, Warden's lodgings, and chapel on one side, the noble Library opposite to it, and the long range of students' apartments forming the northern side of the court.

Twenty-five years after the dedication of the new St. Augustine's, namely on St. Peter's Day, 1873, a large gathering was held of the friends, past students, and present members of the foundation. It is in commemoration of this festival that Dr. Bailey's little volume has been compiled. The details of the two festivals are given in great fulness and in a very pleasing spirit. The Warden, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, is a man who has devoted himself to his task with great singleness of purpose. It is plain that he endeavours to stamp upon the foundation much of the peculiar character of the colleges of the ancient Universities. We are not quite sure whether an outsider might not impute a little too much of the exclusive tone of a "seminary" to the documents collected in the volume before us. But at any rate this is not out of keeping with the special object of the institution—namely, the training of missionary clergy for their particular work. And of course this will be modified if the students of St. Augustine's are encouraged and assisted to compete for academic degrees with men educated at other Theological Colleges, or, as we should ourselves be inclined to advise, in connexion with the examinations of the University of London. We are glad to see that the question was seriously considered on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the College, with a view to the improvement of the standard of the general education, as distinguished from the technical education, given to the students.

We are heartily glad to record, and it must be a most gratifying reward to the generous founders and benefactors of this noble scheme to be assured on all hands, that St. Augustine's, Canterbury, has not disappointed the expectations formed of it. Above two hundred well-qualified missionaries have passed through

the College; and very few of the number have abandoned their posts. It is left to colonial bishops to retire from their dioceses on the most trifling pretences. The Augustinian missionaries have been welcomed in almost every diocese of the colonial Church, and not a few have died in harness. Dr. Bailey has compiled an accurate list of late students, mentioning their present fields of labour and other particulars. We gather from it that a certain number of men of other races have received their training at St. Augustine's, and we think this a most hopeful beginning to the important duty of providing a native clergy for most of the missionary dioceses. We believe that the Erasmus Augustine Kallihirua, who died as a catechist in Newfoundland, was a Greenland Esquimaux by birth; and Antonio Tien, now a priest in the diocese of Gibraltar, is a native of Syria. Other names on the roll of the same sort are Effendi Mahmoud; Edward Dumisweni Maguoma, a Kafir catechist from Graham's Town; Samuel Lefulere Moroka, from the Orange River State; the Rev. Shapurji Edalji; Knanishu Muratchan, from Persia; besides a considerable number from South Africa. It is a special feature of St. Augustine's that its deceased members are commemorated in a kind of yearly Kalendar; and the names of benefactors of the foundation find an honoured place in the same roll. The best augury for the continued prosperity of this interesting and useful foundation is to be found in the persevering energy of its work. We are extremely glad to see no signs in the volume before us of any decline in the zeal of the staff of the College, or in the numbers of the students. On the contrary, much is said of future expansion and progress. One of the Examining Board of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel bore witness on the twenty-fifth anniversary that the students from St. Augustine's who had come before him had always surpassed the average standard of attainment. Subscriptions have been collected for the foundation of an Oriental Professorship, and a new Medical Professorship has recently been endowed. Hitherto the students have been taught medicine—no useless part of a missionary's acquirements—by the generous gratuitous efforts of Dr. Lochee, a resident in Canterbury. The fact that this part of a missionary clergyman's training has never been neglected is an incidental proof of the sound common sense which has always characterized the curriculum in St. Augustine's College.

ONCE AND FOR EVER.*

MOST people think they can write if only they choose to try; and almost all think they can write a novel with very little more trouble than they would tell a story or write a letter. But a good novel is just as difficult an achievement as any other work of art, even those which necessitate more technical skill and a longer manual apprenticeship; and perhaps more qualities go to form a good novel-writer than are required for even a sculptor or a painter. Primarily he must have something to say—some form of human life to illustrate, some tragedy to embody, whether of hindering law, of crossing circumstance, of tyrannous passion, or of fateful sorrow; or he must have a keen sense of humour to be able to see the folly of humanity like Swift, or the meanness of society like Thackeray; or he must be a philosopher like George Eliot, or a poet like George Sand; but in any case he must see what he depicts clearly, truly, and deeply. Then he must have technical skill as well as perception. A novel where the plot is weak or the characters are unlikely, the circumstances strained or the dialogue unnatural, or even where the style is generally uncouth, is a novel that has failed, however good its intention, and however clear the perceptions of the author. Form and spirit must be equally without fault to make a sufficient or an admirable whole.

Now here is a book which has a great deal of partial excellence, but which fails because of incompleteness. The story is good; the incidents are natural, if somewhat trivial—perhaps, however, all the more natural on that account; the characters, so far as they are made out at all, are the men and women of daily experience; and yet *Once and For Ever* is not an achievement as a work of art, and it is a failure judged by a high standard. It fails in method, in treatment, in style. The conversations are long-winded and tiresome; often without bearing on the plot, and hindering rather than advancing the interest. The incidents, besides being trivial, are extraneous to the story, which might lose whole chapters and yet would not lose the very smallest connecting fibre; and the characters, if natural in outline, are slurred in detail and indistinct. It is all simply a question of workmanship; else the idea of a good, quiet, commonplace life, beginning with childhood and ending with middle age and death, was one offering a fair field for careful delineation. But a quiet story and an indistinct motive together must needs result in tedium; and so we find it in this book.

Certain passages read like an autobiography, as indeed the first chapters of *Once and For Ever* assume to be; in particular, the account of the behaviour of the future "Curate of Danbury" when he is first sent to school. And this impression is strengthened by the unpleasantly bitter description given of the "stout flabby woman of forty or thereabouts, with a complexion in which dusty grey and yellow strove for the mastery, a cold, measured, sugary voice that boded no good, either in times of cloud or sunshine, and a

* *Once and For Ever; or, Passages in the Life of the Curate of Danbury.* By the Author of "No Appeal," "Saved by a Woman," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

moist, slimy hand," who first undertook the task of teaching young Harry Norton the necessity of submission and the virtue of industry. We cannot but think that the poor lady, if unfortunate in her physique and disagreeable in her manner, was hardly tried; and that, in spite of her bad complexion and moist, slimy hand, her lines had not all fallen in pleasant places. To have a new pupil of seven or eight years old boldly insinuate on his first day that the schoolmistress is not a lady, and perversely assume a false ignorance for which there was no punishment, and which therefore carried with it the semblance of a triumph, must, we should imagine, have been anything but encouraging for that same schoolmistress; and it would have been a better sign had the "Curate of Danbury," when writing of that scene, and indeed of the whole of that part of his young life, been able as a man to hold the balance a little more evenly, and to assume that something might be said for the stout and flabby woman as well as for the pert and insubordinate child. Also, is it quite according to one's idea of a wise household that the young gentleman should have repeated the scene at home, adding, "She is a horrible old cat," apparently without rebuke from father or mother? His second instructor, the Reverend Richard Griffin, fares no better at the hands of the sucking curate than did Miss Osborne. He is described as "a young, weak-minded, evangelical clergyman, who was better versed in the dogmas of Calvinism than in the elegancies of Horace and Virgil"; a man who took "a peculiar satisfaction in corporal punishment," and who used to cane his pupils' hands—one boy, "a stout, heavy fellow, named Jowler, having as many as six 'refreshers' on each hand, every cut excelling its predecessor in scientific malignity"; a man who "as a pedagogue had all the smaller smooth vices of the old enemy Miss Osborne, and none of her varied information"; who taught nothing well save the Eton Grammar, but who, strangely enough, "was a gentleman in his manners, in the management of his school and household, which comprised about twenty boarders." In all this it is not his character that is sketched so much as the boy's own instinctive distaste to him as a master at all. The Reverend Richard married, says the Curate, a lady who, like himself, kept a school:—

Minerva, having migrated from Dockstone, opened a small academus in close vicinity to the school; became acquainted with the revd. gentleman at chapel, embraced Calvinism, and ensnared its teacher into matrimony. By this happy arrangement of Providence, the race of Griffin escaped extinction, and one of the gifted family, so says report, still practises at Dornmouth House the didactic art with that *curiosa felicitas* becoming so rare a parentage. The awful gifts of Minerva added to the sugar of Griffin's care; the combination of her acid eloquence and his weak, treacherous smile; his washy, bitter theology and her cheerful views of the innate depravity of childhood, must have yielded fruits only inferior to the choicest of Dotheboys' Hall itself. From any share in such fruits, however, I was luckily saved by being taken away from school on the completion of my sixteenth year.

This is small and spiteful stuff; and this kind of thing is continually repeated, as in the whole episode of Needer, Harry Norton's fellow-clerk, "all that need be said of whose personal appearance being, that he had a broad, white, meaty face, an immense mouth, and sleek black hair, much besprinkled after the fashion of the day with scented oil." This Needer is the lowest kind of what it is the fashion of this day to call a cad. He is a sneaking bully and a cowardly scoundrel; a creature without a single good quality, a silhouette all in black, and unlightened by one redeeming trait. This is not portrait-painting. Neither is the slight sketch given of Mr. Jervis, the husband of the dreamy-eyed sleep-walker whose reputation Harry saved by what seems to us so entirely the necessary action of a man with the slightest pretensions to be called a man of honour that we wonder at the fuss made about the matter. As Edith Jervis tells the story of her husband's villanies we cannot understand it. We feel that we should have liked to hear his version; for it scarcely reads like human life or rational human action. And if the man was mad, however painful her lot, he was more an object of commiseration than of condemnation. It is, however, an episode given in the broad lines and crude colours characteristic of this book; offering no psychological explanation, no possible reason why, and therefore coming before us with a certain sense of exaggeration and ill-nature that weakens both the compassion of the reader and the life-likeness of the story.

The Curate has three love affairs in his life. The first has its roots in the sleep-walking propensities of Edith Dartlake, who, at an inn where she is staying with her father and sister, comes out of her bedroom in her nightgown, and, with a lighted candle in her hand, walks steadily forward till she reaches the door of No. 63, which young Harry Norton is just about to enter. Instead of taking advantage of this somnambulistic error, or calling up a housemaid to be the witness of his propriety and her misfortune, Harry bolts down stairs to the father walking in the verandah, smoking a cigar, and tells him what has happened. The Colonel is tremendously impressed by his generosity and his tact. "Good God!" were his first words, "how can I ever thank you enough for what you have done? You have saved my child from what might have been utter ruin"; and then he shook him by the hand "as if he never meant to release it," with more "eager passionate words of gratitude," in which Edith herself joined in the morning, going even to the length of the lad's Christian name; "Good-bye, Henry Norton. Won't you say good-bye to the poor little sleep-walker?" That was the first stirring of the young man's fancy; but as Edith Dartlake went to India and Henry Norton did not see her again, it was not to be wondered at if he fell in love with pretty little Mary Hastings when she turned up. To be

sure he falls in love with inconvenient celerity; but as Mary is evidently as much smitten as himself, there must be some reason for the game of hide-and-seek that follows, and for Mary's change of name and residence. Before his marriage with her, which comes about later, he meets with Edith Dartlake, now Edith Jervis, again; and, on the death of the scamp her husband, makes her an offer, Mary and her sweet image notwithstanding. We must not tell why he is refused. The reason of Edith's No is one of the high lights of the tale, ugly as it is; and it would be unfair to reveal it. Neither will we give the key to Mary's sudden disappearance after she is Harry Norton's wife and the mother of a pretty little girl. The circumstance is altogether too abrupt for art, and we dislike both subject and treatment, but still we will not betray our author. Mary should have made a confidant of her husband; and the loophole by which she creeps finally out of an involuntary sin is old and worn to tatters. We have the same objection to make to the portraiture of the third love and second wife that we made to that of Miss Osborne and that of the Reverend Richard Griffin. It is spiteful and small, and without a sense of fairness or justice. Yet with all its defects *Once and For Ever* is not the work of a writer without a certain amount of merit. It simply fails to be excellent all through, and therefore it fails as a work of art, which should be complete, and of equal value in both execution and design.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Life of so paramount a representative of the Italian Renaissance as Lorenzo de' Medici*, by a scholar so versed in the history and literature of the period as Alfred von Reumont, could not be other than a most valuable work. It is hardly one of those works which are devoured eagerly upon their appearance, and ever after remain familiar to educated readers; it is one of those which are set aside for purposes of reference, and consulted and cited, rather than read. Herr von Reumont is more of a critic and a connoisseur than an historian, and his work will take no such place in the literature of his country as that which Roscoe's, with much less substantial merit, has maintained in the literature of England. It is rather a work of reference for the scholars of all countries, a treasury of knowledge rich in illustrations of a classical period of human culture, but not a classic itself. Its most conspicuous merit is perhaps the author's intense sympathy for Florentine life in all its public and private phases. In this he compares advantageously with Roscoe, to whom the Florentine community is only interesting as the needful soil for the stately growth of the Medicean merchant princes by whom his imagination is entirely fascinated. To Von Reumont, on the contrary, Lorenzo in his utmost magnificence is but the culminating point of a national life whose splendour would hardly have suffered though he had never existed. There can be no question of the superior insight and deeper philosophy of this view; at the same time it is hardly that best adapted for the purposes of biography. Roscoe, with all his shortcomings, has unquestionably written his hero's life. Von Reumont seems rather to have described a gorgeous procession with Lorenzo at its head, sometimes, it may be, slightly in the background. Whether, however, depending upon Lorenzo for its interest or otherwise, every page possesses interest in the highest degree. The first chapters are devoted to a preliminary sketch of the political history of Florence up to the time of Lorenzo, her political and financial institutions, and the progress of literature and art. The history of Lorenzo's administration is then detailed up to the general peace of 1480; and the writer then turns to the brilliant development of art and letters which forms the chief glory of the Medicean period, but to which Lorenzo certainly gave no original impulse, great as were his merits in fostering and encouraging it. His own considerable, if not eminent, achievements as an author are very fairly described; and chapters replete with interesting information are devoted to the poetical and philosophical figures of the period—Pulci and Poliziano, Ficino and Pico, and others of less note. The dawn of classical philology next receives due attention; and the following book is devoted to the inexhaustible subject of the art of the Renaissance. In the next the historical narrative is resumed; the internal organization of the Florentine State under Lorenzo is described, the gradual establishment of the Medicean supremacy traced out, and the general course of Italian history followed up to his death on the eve of the disastrous invasion of Charles VIII. In him Italy lost the only statesman who might by possibility have proved adequate to the crisis; and if his life cannot be pronounced an unmixed benefit to his country, his death at least was an irreparable calamity. He had not destroyed the public liberties, but he had unwittingly undermined them by identifying himself with the State, and weakening the old Republican traditions in the interest of a personal preponderance which became a cruel and cowardly tyranny under his degenerate successors. His disposition and maxims of policy offer on a small scale the strongest resemblance to those of Augustus, although his character in this point of view has been somewhat obscured by his superiority as a *Mecenas*. Had his successors possessed his wisdom and moderation, and could Florence have been kept clear from the disturbing influences of foreign politics, the problem of her political administration might have received the same solution

* *Lorenzo de' Medici, il Magnifico*. Von Alfred von Reumont. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

as in Holland, and the Stadtholdership of the House of Medici, like that of the House of Orange, might long have combined the stability of a monarchy with the freedom of a republic.

L. Geiger's work on Petrarch * is somewhat too much of a *pièce de circonstance*, called forth partly by the quinquenary celebration at Avignon and elsewhere, partly by the natural desire of the partisans of the Italo-German alliance to discover points of contact in the past. Recent events have forcibly reminded men of the days when the German Emperor was also King of the Romans, and was invoked by Italian patriots to repress the aberrations of the spiritual power. The work is nevertheless well written and interesting, and perhaps not less so for the slenderness of its references to poetry as much distinguished by monotony as by sweetness. Petrarch's praise of his Laura is no doubt immortal, but we are not displeased to find him principally considered on that side of his genius which, though earning comparatively little fame for himself, has been most productive of influence on the world—namely, as a humanist and restorer of letters. The auspicious combination of the chief poet and the chief scholar of the age in the same person invested literature with unprecedented lustre; the Augustan age seemed revived, but for the absence of Augustus. This Petrarch did his utmost to supply. Like Dante, he was convinced of the necessity for a secular authority co-extensive with the spiritual, of which he was unable to conceive otherwise than as an Empire of Rome. The idealist's efforts to impress this conviction upon the hard matter-of-fact German Emperor of his day are well related by Herr Geiger. They had no better success than his corresponding endeavours to persuade the Pope to return to Rome, and terminate the Church's "Babylonish captivity" at Avignon. If on this side of his political creed Petrarch appears as the man of the past, on the other he has a clear view of the future. He shared the intense, almost mystical, faith of all great Italians in the greatness and unity of his country, and it is this, rather than his poetical genius, which imparts significance to the recent national commemoration of his memory.

The especial feature of Herr Röhrich's "Contributions to the History of the Crusades" † is the extent to which he has availed himself of unpublished Arabic sources, as yet, he states, very imperfectly explored. His volume consists of three essays—the first on the Fifth Crusade, headed by the Emperor Frederick II., in 1229; the second a circumstantial history of the conquest of Jerusalem by Saladin, and other events which preceded and occasioned the crusade of Cœur de Lion; the third a French translation, made by Silvestre de Sacy, but now published for the first time, of excerpts from the Arabic history by Kamal-ed-din, "The Cream of the History of Aleppo." These belong to the twelfth century. The first of these essays, less interesting and picturesque than the other two, is the most distinguished by originality of subject. The incidents connected with Frederick's crusade are tame and comparatively little known, but are highly significant of the change which was creeping over European public feeling, of the decline of ecclesiastical authority and the growth of a commercial spirit. Frederick, when at length coerced into undertaking the expedition after ten or twelve years of excuses, negotiates with the Saracens without fighting, and stipulates for commercial advantages as well as for the possession of the Sepulchre. The author's attempts to represent the affair in an heroic light are at any rate creditable to his patriotism. The whole history, however, is in fact an unedifying exhibition of self-seeking among all parties, Christian and Mohammedan alike; and the best to be said for it is that the age had in fact unconsciously outgrown the crusading epoch.

The second volume of Moritz Ritter's collection of State Papers relating to the history of the Thirty Years' War ‡ is, like the first, full of the richest material. It is principally occupied with the negotiations between the Protestant princes and Henry IV. of France, who was disposed to give them support in order to embarrass Spain and Austria. The disputed succession to the Duchies of Cleves and Juliers plays a great part in these transactions, throughout which the ardour of Henry appears in strong contrast with the lukewarmness, hesitation, and mutual jealousies of the German Protestants. They are brought down to the end of 1609, at which time the combination was nearly matured which, but for the dagger of Ravallac, might have given a new turn to the history of Europe. The work is very carefully and thoroughly executed; the most important documents are given in full in the original languages; the others abstracted at considerable length. The volume is also enriched by a number of diplomatic communications from foreign archives, which are in general much more interesting in style and matter than the strictly German correspondence. Some are exceedingly picturesque, as, for instance, the Spanish Ambassador's description of the lively scene between Henry IV. and his Queen on the subject of the disposal of their daughter in marriage, when the Council had to be suspended to enable her Majesty to recover from her agitation, and Sully and Villeroi were called upon to speak for and against the proposed Spanish match. Henry's Ambassador at Rome cautions him against believing that the Pope is about to subsidize the Archduke Leopold with

half a million of crowns for the conquest of Juliers and the discomfiture of the Protestants in general:—"Si je ne me trompe, elle (S.S.) laisseroit plutost perdre toute la Chrestienté que de debourser ceste somme." Perhaps the most interesting passage in the volume is the Duke of Würtemberg's agent's conversation with Father Sarpi at Venice on the means of promoting the Reformation in Italy. Sarpi recommends that the Protestant princes should in the first place obtain liberty of public worship for their own subjects, and he thinks that their chapels would insensibly become the germ of native congregations. The State will not interfere; its maxims of policy are opposed to the introduction of any novelties, but equally so to the abolition of any custom which has once taken root.

Professor von Holst * complains that the first volume of his work on the political history of the United States, being construed as a whole instead of a mere introduction to the subject, has led to misconceptions of his real views, and caused him to be considered less favourable to the institutions of the States than is actually the fact. As he remarks himself, this impression will hardly be mitigated by the publication of his interesting lecture on the administration of General Jackson, especially as his point of view has compelled him to omit all reference to the brighter side of his subject.

The Emperor Sigismund † is recorded as one of the few foreign sovereigns who paid a peaceful visit to England during the middle ages. He arrived in 1416, at the height of the war of conquest undertaken by Henry V. against France. Having been honourably received in France also, it might have been expected that he would play the part of a mediator; on the contrary, however, he concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with England. This abrupt change of politics has been frequently accounted for on the supposition of his having been subjected to constraint or intimidation during his visit, an explanation the more plausible as the alliance proved barren of all practical results. Dr. Lenz contends that it represented a deliberate policy, that Sigismund had actually formed the design of crushing France in concert with England, and that he was only prevented from active co-operation with Henry by his disastrous war with the Hussites. He grounds this conclusion on the general tenor of the diplomatic communications between the Courts, and on the evidence of an understanding between them to procure the election of a Pope at the Council of Constance. The question is difficult to determine from the paucity of materials; the one unquestionable fact appears to be that, apart from his domestic difficulties, Sigismund was too feeble and irresolute a prince for his alliance to possess much value. Dr. Lenz has prefixed a useful account of the available sources of information.

"Three Months in the East" ‡ is something of a misnomer, having more connexion with the records of Egypt itself than of the author's travels in that country. A short account of the latter is followed by a discursive essay on ancient Egyptian and Jewish history and chronology, interspersed with long citations from other writers, and digressions concerning all the mythologies of the East. Although, however, the book is confused and inconsecutive, the matter it contains is really interesting, and the theories to which the author inclines are in general by no means extravagant.

A history of civilization, by F. von Hellwald §, manifests the influence of current scientific ideas, especially the evolution of species and the correlation of forces. So far as can be judged from the first part, it promises to be concise and clear, but these advantages are too often only attained by leaving difficult problems out or putting them aside.

Dr. Landmann || is a somewhat unusual instance of a physician being also a metaphysician. As a professor of forensic medicine he has been led to meditate upon the problem of the degree of moral responsibility in criminal cases, which has involved him in further speculations upon the essential distinction of right and wrong, and has resulted in the production of a learned and closely reasoned, but abstruse, investigation of the latter subject.

Herr A. Philippi's investigation of the relation between the Areopagus and the Epheta ¶ treats particularly of the reforms in the Athenian judicature introduced by Solon and Ephialtes, and is part of a larger forthcoming work to be devoted to the general history of the Areopagus.

A. Raabe's Comparative Grammar of the Aryan and Semitic Languages ** is necessarily based on the hypothesis of their affinity, and is further designed to establish it. It may be questioned whether the assumption is capable of demonstration in the present state of our knowledge; at all events, Herr Raabe's labours seem inadequate to provide a foundation for so great a superstructure.

* *Die Administration Andrew Jackson's*. Von Dr. H. von Holst. Düsseldorf: Buddeus. London: Nutt.

† *König Sigismund und Heinrich der Fünfte von England. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Zeit des Constanzer Concils*. Von Dr. Max Lenz. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Drei Monate im Orient*. Von H. Loehnis. London: Siegle.

§ *Culturgeschichte in ihrer natürlichen Entwicklung bis zur Gegenwart*. Von F. von Hellwald. Lief. 1. Augsburg: Lampart. London: Nutt.

|| *Hauptfragen der Ethik*. Von R. Landmann. Leipzig: Fintel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Der Areopag und die Epheten*. Von A. Philippi. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

** *Gemeinschaftliche Grammatik der arischen und der semitischen Sprachen*. Von A. Raabe. Leipzig: Klinkhardt. London: Asher & Co.

* *Petrarcha*. Von Ludwig Geiger. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

† *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Kreuzzüge*. Von R. Röhrich. Bd. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Briefe und Acten zur Geschichte des Dreissigjährigen Krieges in den Zeiten des vorwaltenden Einflusses der Wittelsbacher*. Bearbeitet von M. Ritter. München: Rieger. London: Williams & Norgate.

The first part of a new work on the industrial arts among the ancients * is devoted to the processes connected with the preparation of bread and of textile fabrics. The next will treat of tanning, embroidery, and other minor arts; and the manufacture of metal, earthenware, glass, &c., will follow. The work makes no pretension to originality, but is clearly and intelligently compiled from the best authorities, with copious references to classical writers. Its value would be enhanced by a more liberal introduction of illustrations in the forthcoming parts.

Edward Guyer's † treatise on the science of hotel administration is really a valuable work, and proceeds appropriately from a country where hotels are so much a matter of national concern as they are in Switzerland. The most salient feature is its disquisition on the construction of hotels, especially those gigantic edifices which, in spite of all prejudices in favour of quiet and simplicity, their superior convenience is rendering the rule wherever travellers congregate in any considerable numbers. This department of the subject is illustrated with ground-plans, and, in some cases, elevations of actual model hotels. It is remarked that the English custom of taking meals in private rooms renders the economy of our hotels unsuitable for imitation on the Continent. One, however, is given as a specimen. From this large subject the author descends to the details of service, furniture, bookkeeping, &c., and certainly makes good his proposition that the administration of a large hotel is no trifle. Writing from the host's point of view, he seriously admonishes the guest against an unduly critical spirit in the scrutiny of his bills, obscurely worded telegrams, inaccuracy in the description of missing property, and the like offences. The landlord on his part must adapt himself to the national characteristics of his guests. The Englishman will trouble him by his exigencies as respects comfort; the German by insisting on seeing everything ("er ist ein unruhiger Geist"); the Frenchman cares chiefly for jovial company, and, like the quieter Italian, is indifferent to natural beauty; the Russian is either a very good customer or a very bad one; the Dutchman is a treasure, for he is sure to return where he has once been made comfortable; but the American would like to depart before he has arrived.

The most pretentious of the Romain poems of the mediæval period, now for the first time edited by Professor W. Wagner ‡, is a didactic composition by Alexius Comnenus, nephew of the celebrated Emperor; the most important are perhaps two pieces which may possess some historical value, treating respectively of a pestilence in Rhodes and a famine in Crete; the most interesting is a version of the popular romance of Apollonius of Tyre. It cannot be affirmed that any of them are worth much.

The principal contents of the third volume of L. Spach's § collection of memoirs relating to Alsace are two narratives respectively treating of the proceedings of the General Council of the department since the restoration of Louis XVIII., and of the municipality of Strasburg since the beginning of the century. These contain between them a pretty full account of the administration of the district during the period, with sketches of the several prefects by whom it has been carried on. The latter part of the book is occupied by a biography of the late Dr. David Richard, a Genevese physician established in Alsace, remarkable for his services to the insane as head of a large asylum, and still more so for his intimate friendship with Lamennais, George Sand, and other notabilities of Louis Philippe's time. Judging from the specimens here given, the correspondence in the hands of his representatives must be very valuable; some extracts from George Sand's letters in particular are highly honourable to her.

A remarkably neat pocket edition of the Nibelungen Lied || in its earliest form, according to Holtzmann's recension, deserves to be specially recommended to philological students of German.

Benedict ¶, by Fanny Lewald, begins and ends with a tragedy described with considerable power. The intermediate incidents, however, are not remarkably interesting, and the characters, although graphically sketched, are merely representatives of conventional types of fiction.

The author of *Sceptre and Crown* ** has again enlisted the rulers and statesmen of contemporary Europe as *dramatis personæ* for a wretched novel, which may still, like his former volumes, possess some attraction for readers whose curiosity exceeds their discrimination. Some genuine political information may possibly lurk in Herr Samarow's weary pages, but it must be valuable indeed to be worth sifting from the mass of sheer inanity in which it has pleased him to envelop it.

* *Technologie und Terminologie der Gewerbe und Künste bei Griechen und Römern*. Von H. Blümmern. Bd. 1. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das Hotelwesen der Gegenwart*. Von Edward Guyer. Zürich: Orell, Füssli & Co. London: Nutt.

‡ *Carmina Græca Medii Aevi*. Editio G. Wagner. Lipsiæ: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Moderne Culturzustände in Elsass*. Von L. Spach. Bd. 3. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *Das Nibelungenlied in der ältesten Gestalt*. Volks-Ausgabe. Stuttgart: Metzler. London: Siegle.

¶ *Benedict*. Von F. Lewald. 2 The. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

** *Der Todesgruss der Legionen. Zeit-Roman*. Von Gregor Samarow. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 6d., or \$7 50 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 58 Boulevard de Strasbourg.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 966, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874:

Denmark, Prussia, and Schleswig. M. Guizot.
Stroud Politics. The Geneva Congresses. The Septennate and the Empire.
The Railway Commission. A French View of English Politics.
The Break of Gauge in India.

Legacies of the Bengal Famine. Novel-Reading.
Double Christian Names. Norway—II. The Congress of Orientalists.
The Thorpe Massacre. The Cheap Routes to Paris.
The St. Leger.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's Poems.
Cox's Crusades. Chappell's History of Music. Masson's French Dictionary.
Sir Amias Poulet's Letter-Books. St. Augustine's, Canterbury.
Once and For Ever. German Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 965, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874:

Germany, France, and Europe—Lord Ripon—French Parties—Spain—The Brentford Guardians—The Internationalists at Brussels—Public Prosecutors—Workmen's Trains.

Censors—Mr. Dawkins on the Basques—Soho Square—Norway—Johnson's Residence at Oxford—Colophons—English Ruffianism—Farmers and Artisans in Massachusetts—Utopia in the New Forest.

Long's Decline of the Roman Republic—Prairie and Forest—Blackie's Horns Helence—Lonsdale's Life of Dalton—Lange's History of Materialism—French Political Caricature—Etchings by French and English Artists—The Latin Year—Judith Gwynne.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, and LITERATURE.—LADIES' DIVISION.—The Fifteenth Session will OPEN on Thursday, October 15.

Water-Colour Painting, Sketching, &c.	Mr. Edward A. Goodall.
Figure Drawing, the Antique, &c., Modelling in Clay, &c.	Mr. W. K. Shenton.
Painting in Oil, from the Life, &c.	Mr. C. Armytage.
English Language and Literature	Rev. Alfred Ainger, M.A.
French Language and Literature	Professor A. Mandrou, M.A.
German Language and Literature	Dr. Heinemann, F.R.G.S.
Italian Language and Literature	Cavalier Professor G. Volpe.
Latin	Rev. Alfred Ainger, M.A.
General History	Dr. G. G. Zerff, F.R. Hist. Soc.
Physical Geography, Arithmetic, and Mathematics	Mr. A. Schenck.
Experimental Physics	Mr. Alfred W. Bennett, M.A., B.Sc.
Botany	(Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, M.E. Prout, &c.)
Pianoforte	Dr. John Stainer, M.A.
Harmony and Musical Analysis	Dr. John Stainer, M.A.
Composition	Miss St. Germaine, Signor Rimelli.
Singing	Mr. Arthur Sullivan.
Balad Singing	Miss Mary Hooper.
Cookery and Domestic Economy	Miss Louis d'Egville.
Dancing	Mrs. George Gilbert.
Artistic Wood Carving	Mr. G. A. Rogers.

The Studios and Class Rooms are strictly private. Prospectus on application in the Office of the School, in the Library, next the Reading Room, Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

By order of the Committee,
F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca da Rimini," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 25 New Bond Street. Ten to Six—Admission 1s.

EDUCATION for BOYS, free alike from Clerical and Dissenting influences, in the Family of a Layman, a CAMBRIDGE M.A. of much Experience, Ages, Ten to Fourteen. Terms high.—Address, THEOBALD, Messrs. Kerly & Endean, Publishers and Bookellers, 190 Oxford Street, W.